

# Atlantic Insight



APRIL 1981,  
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2nd Anniversary Issue

**Gordon Pinsent:  
What makes him  
run...and run**

**Special Report:  
P.E.I.'s dying farms**

**Sports: Can Al  
MacNeil fan  
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# Atlantic Insight

April 1981, Vol. 3 No. 3



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**Cover Story:** Gordon Pinsent, actor, writer and director, draws deeply on his Newfoundland roots. He's come a long way from his native province, yet the need to prove himself drives him on and on. By Marian Bruce

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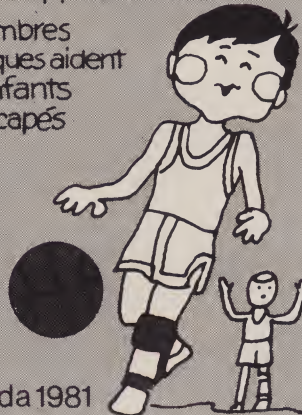


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## Editor's Letter

**A**pril came, smelling of disinfectant. You wrote your final exams in the university gym. You arrived early, stomach in knots, notes and a textbook or two unexplainably in hand: What use could they be to you now? Behind the closed doors to the gym the supervising professors were preparing the long tables, passing out examination papers. You waited, huddled in the locker room. Some people talked, some sneaked last looks at their texts. Most just stared.

When they opened the gym doors you went in and found your place. So trusting of student honesty was the university that no two people writing the same exam ever sat next to each other. While I struggled with English 14 (Tudor poetry and prose), the guy next to me toiled at Physics 1B.

The worst moment was when you picked up the exam paper, scanning it at first, too scared to read carefully, sinking inside when you realized the question you'd been dreading was there, starting to breathe again when your eye caught one you knew you could handle pretty well.

You wrote and wrote. As an English major, you got none of those true-or-false, multiple-choice questions. You got essay questions and you wrote until your wrist ached and the tips of your fingers were numb or until, weak with the dumb hopelessness of it, you realized you didn't know enough to write any more. A few realized this early and handed in their papers, walking out of the gym with a false jauntiness that didn't fool anybody. Most slogged it out for close to the allotted three hours, then slunk home exhausted to wait for the next one.

Compared to the agony of writing exams, the agony of writing a thesis, described in Martin Cohn's story, "Thesis Agonistes" (page 66), hardly bothered me. Exams were panic time. I wasn't surprised when, several years ago, American universities discovered a thriving growth industry in professional exam writers—people you could hire to pretend to be you and write your exams for you. (I hadn't realized, though, how much security had tightened up until I wrote an entrance test



for a professional school two years ago and, for the first time in my life, had to submit to being fingerprinted.)

No, getting the thesis written was different. I remember it as a rather leisurely process. There was a deadline, but you had lots of time. Time to poke around the library. Time to riffle through your notes and think that soon, pretty soon, you must start getting them in order. Time to study buds on trees and wonder about your bibliography. Time to think you really ought to start writing and then to go out and forget about it.

But if I don't remember the emotional agony and frustration described by the students in Cohn's story, I do recognize some other points. "Procrastination," Dr. Frederick Aldrich tells Cohn, "is probably the biggest enemy of the graduate student." How true. And how even truer of the professional writer and magazine editor.

What I realize now is that those very bad habits which Dr. Brad McRae is trying to stamp out among graduate students at Dalhousie University are the same ones that eventually got my thesis written and that have become a permanent part of my working (or non-working) method.

Classic avoidance techniques? I'll show you ones you haven't even heard of. Clean the laundry rather than start writing? I've cleaned everything from brass candlesticks to the kitchen floor.

Perhaps it was the exams that did it, trained generations of us to need that feeling of panic in order to propel ourselves to the pen or typewriter. Anyway, it's April and I can almost smell the gym and I know it's too late for me to learn to work any other way. Even an innovative disciplinary program for editors probably wouldn't help.

*Marilyn MacDonald*





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## Feedback

### Akerman, the artist

It is no wonder Jeremy Akerman took so long to write a book, and no wonder he wrote it (*Yes, Jeremy, There's Life After Politics*, Profile, February). In due course, he proved why he was never an effective leader of the New Democratic Party. Critics will assay the literary worth of *Black Around the Eyes*, and will miss the point. Akerman must be judged peripherally, by his reaction to what he didn't really believe in. No artist (if we can call Akerman such) supports any kind of collectivization. He or she resists absorption in the community by asserting individuality strong enough to stimulate activity in general. Akerman emerged this way, and it is a mystery that it took the NDP so long to get the point.

Dan McCarron  
Amherst, N.S.

### The buses did run

I wish to correct an inaccuracy in *To Bus or Not to Bus* (P.E.I., February). The article states that the greater Charlottetown area has never had a bus system. On the contrary, a bus service operated in Charlottetown for four years, starting in the fall of 1932. It was operated by Lewis Bus Lines, which also operated the service from Charlottetown to Elmira, P.E.I.

Mrs. J.A. Lewis  
Petitcodiac, N.B.

### The versification of New Brunswick

Dalton Camp writes that no poem was ever written to celebrate New Brunswick. (*I'm from New Brunswick. No, Not New Jersey*, February.) How could he ever forget that most mellifluous of versifications, James DeMille's epic of 1870?

*Sweet maiden of Passamaquoddy  
Shall we seek the communion of souls  
Where the deep Mississippi meanders  
Or the distant Saskatchewan rolls?  
Ah no! In New Brunswick we'll find it,  
A sweetly sequestered nook,  
Where the smooth gliding Skoo-da-  
wab-skook-sis  
Unites with the Skoodawabskook.  
He goes on for, I think, 30 verses.  
Dalton, how could you?*

J.E. Belliveau  
Shediac, N.B.

### Who's sloppy now?

I received my first copy of *Atlantic Insight* in February and found in it a review of *Beyond the Atlantic Roar*, a work written by Professor Ray MacLean and myself (*In Search of the Highland Heart*, Book Column, February). In this review, Silver Donald Cameron faults us





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## Feedback

with some sloppiness and, no doubt, he is right. He attempts to prove his point, however, by claiming incorrect citations for works by Charles Dunn and Neil MacNeil and by a footnote which offends his literary taste. I consulted the Dunn and MacNeil citations in the bibliography and found them to be correct. As to the footnote on the district of Keppoch, it is a rather sad reflection on the reviewer or a credit to the authors that one line in a footnote had to be used to discredit the work. May I say that I have always found Mr. Cameron's writing to be in the best of taste.

Douglas F. Campbell  
Erindale Campus  
University of Toronto  
Mississauga, Ont.

### The graceful Natchez

The photograph of the "graceful Delta Queen" (*New Orleans, Where the Music Never Stops*, Travel, February) appears to be the *Natchez* instead. Possibly the ship in the background of the photograph is the *Delta Queen*. Your readers may be interested to know that the last *Natchez*—there were four over a period of many years—was built by a Saint John man, Dexter Denton, now living in Grand Bay, N.B.

D.L. Tatton  
Saint John, N.B.

### Maritimers incomprehensible?

In 1978 I worked in a place which processed film, and part of my job was to open letters from irate customers. You can have no idea of my sudden education regarding illiteracy. (*Joe Can't Read. Does the Government Care?* Education, December.) Most of our mail came from outlying areas in the Maritimes and nearly all of it was full of strange spelling errors, impossible syntax. Sometimes, the letters were totally incomprehensible. Here we have an enormously wealthy country; how can we let so many people miss out on the real education that literacy brings?

Mrs. M.F. Ort-Parker  
Waterloo, Ont.

### Homesick blues

I am a Newfoundlander teaching as a CUSO volunteer in Northern Nigeria. My best gift since arriving in Nigeria has been my subscription to *Atlantic Insight*. I anxiously await the arrival of each issue, which I read thoroughly from cover to cover, even though I shed tears of homesickness in the process.

Joan Delaney  
Yola, Gongola State  
Nigeria, West Africa

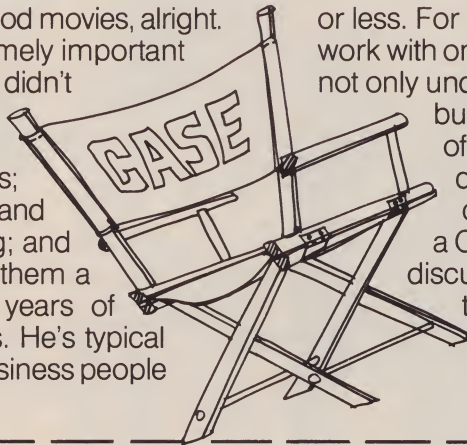


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## The Region

# Farmers' markets: Taking root in hard ground

*Canada's first farmers' markets began in the Maritimes, then fell on hard times. Now, many are making a comeback*

*By Roma Senn*

**N**ew Brunswick Premier Richard Hatfield calls it "a highly civilized place where people really care about serving you." That's why he does his Saturday shopping at Boyce Farmers' Market in Fredericton. Stocking up on fresh produce, apple cider, dairy products, meat and fish—he claims the market's Solomon Gundy is "the best in the world"—and searching out "surprises" like homemade ice cream, Hatfield insists that no supermarket could ever duplicate the "very, very friendly atmosphere of the market where the people who make the food deal with the people who buy it." And, adds the politician, "if there's someone you want to see, you'll see them at the market."



Charlottetown Market: No plastic produce

After years of stiff, sometimes killing, competition from supermarkets, farmers' markets are making a comeback. The reason, according to Darrell Stairs of Charlottetown's Farmers' Market, is that consumers are more concerned about the quality of the food they buy than simply the convenience of being able to pick it up at the neighborhood store. Eggs are a good example: "Consumers distrust supermarkets," says Ellen Helmuth, Woodstock, N.B., market manager, "because they don't know how long the product has been on the shelf." Shoppers feel they're getting "fresh, pure" food which, says Fredericton

market-goer Bill Simcock, is comforting as concern about food additives mounts. If they have complaints, market customers know where to take them—not always the case in large, impersonal supermarkets.

But while farmers' markets are booming and blooming across Canada, their counterparts on the east coast—where they first took root more than 200 years ago—are struggling with stony ground. (Halifax claims the oldest farmers' market in Canada; it began in 1749, half a century before the Toronto market was opened.) The problem on the Atlantic coast, suggests Linda Biesenthal, author of *To Market, To Market*, a historical survey of Canadian farmers' markets, is that "Mar-

timers have had [farmers' markets] for so long that they view them a bit off-handedly." Biesenthal, a farmer herself who grew up near the famous and flourishing Kitchener, Ont., market, says she was "absolutely shocked" when she first visited the troubled markets in Saint John and Halifax. "My first impression was, 'My God, they're dying.'"

But the news in Atlantic Canada isn't all bad. New markets are sprouting in unexpected places and some seasonal markets have matured into year-round operations. Biesenthal argues that successful farmers' markets need to be near large, affluent populations. But some seem to survive almost anywhere. Here's how our farmers' markets are doing:

**Saint John**—When Biesenthal visited the 105-year-old City Market in the heart of town, "plaster-of-paris Beethovens, ceramic geese and plastic flowers" had replaced "fine, fat geese, bunches of cabbages and cucumbers." Only one farmer was selling produce

the day she visited. Charles Denton, a market merchant and councillor, blames poor management. "We lose all the farmers and get garbage," he says of the junk stands. But Biesenthal claims, "Saint John farmers have never felt a commitment to feed the city." Successful markets, she says, boast third- and fourth-generation vendors, but in Saint John, butchers, fishmongers and retailers—not farmers—have provided the continuity.

The lack of farmers is only one problem. Parking is limited and, since a major department store closed in 1973, fewer people come downtown. Business booms in summer and at Christmas but lags in winter. This winter's chilly temperatures didn't help: Pipes burst, water flowed and workers had to spread salt on the floor of the drafty building. The poor working conditions coupled with poor sales caused T.S. Fenwick Ltd., a 100-year-old, family-run cheese business, to relocate in January.

Proposed changes could help. Early in 1981, Saint John Common Council—the market is city-owned and operated—abolished the City Market committee and gave deputy market clerk Lorne Enright more authority to attract new business. "There used to be too many chiefs and no management there," says Councillor Ralph Landers, head of a market-study group. Enright predicts business will improve but his future is uncertain. Council wants to find a private operator for the market which costs the city \$200,000 a year. Landers doubts the market will ever turn a profit but says it could be made more efficient and appealing after a proposed five-year facelift.

**Moncton**—The city's privately run farmers' market was near collapse when vendors banded together last year to form the 95-member co-op which now operates year round (weekly in winter, twice-weekly in summer) in a downtown warehouse rented from the city. With a \$10,000 facilities grant from the N.B. Agriculture Department, shareholders brightened up the market, added a canteen and new tables.

Vendors believed a market could succeed because they had always sold out quickly—too quickly—and shoppers often left empty handed. To get more vendors, Judith Leger, a market director, "contacted everyone I could think of—anyone with a large garden," then advertised: "You'll find everything you want." Now, the market's well stocked, business has tripled and "we're doing really well."

**Woodstock**—Farmers in rural



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## The Region

Carleton County wanted an outlet for their produce and, in 1973, 20 of them started a market in Woodstock, a town of 5,200. The group began with "absolutely nothing," says founding member Ellen Helmuth. But they were so successful that they incorporated last year, operate downtown weekly, all year round, and have outgrown their current quarters.

**Fredericton**—A regular shopper at Boyce Farmers' Market calls it a place of character that's full of characters. It's the region's most successful mar-

ket, one of the best in Canada. Customers gather early Saturday morning—it opens at 6:30—at the plain, residential-area market to buy fresh eggs and cheese, vegetables, fruit, home baking, meat and fish. "Considering the size of Fredericton [45,000] it's very active," says apple-cider seller Keith Helmuth.

The social contacts can be as important as buying, adds vendor Burris Coburn: "If you want to climb the social ladder, you better get to market early." Coburn's family has supplied the market for 100 years. Today, he

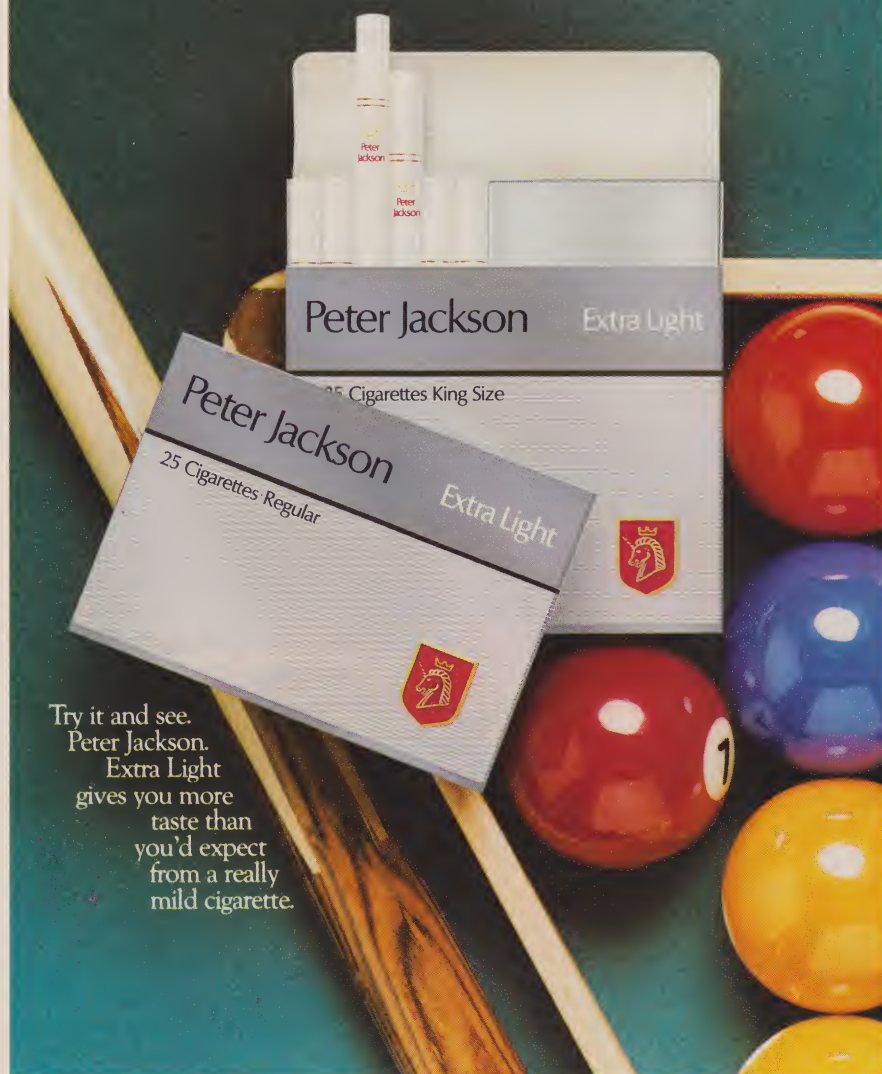
serves many of the same customers who've been buying from him since the market opened in '51. W.W. Boyce, a local businessman, left \$40,000 to build the market, which had operated out of the basement of city hall. Vendors rent stalls from a private company that runs the market and there's a long waiting list of would-be sellers. "They find it fairly profitable," Coburn says, "and very few drop out." Eighty sell year round and so many others come during the summer that they have to set up in the parking lot.

**Charlottetown**—Inadequate parking, low sales and a flea-market atmosphere made Charlottetown's Farmers' Market vendors decide to relocate last fall. After two years in a "typically modern, sterile" structure, they moved to a waterfront building destined to become a shopping centre. "It's not what a farmers' market should be," sighs market manager Darrell Stairs, but business is up and the number of sellers has jumped from an "unimpressive" group of three a year ago, to 22, with more expected in summer. One day last fall, 6,000 shoppers showed up. The spot may be short on atmosphere, but downtown worker Sally Cole finds it convenient and adds that the produce beats the supermarket. "It doesn't look so plastic." She also likes the market's unusual buys like goat's milk and cheese.

Stairs, a farmer himself, is convinced markets are here to stay. "When we opened six years ago," he says, "you couldn't sell rhubarb in long stalks. You'd have to break up the string beans. Now people are getting in to their elbows." They're after quality, although cost counts too. At the market, shoppers can buy in money-saving bulk—perhaps a winter's supply of potatoes or carrots. Seventy percent of the customers are under 30, with young families, "people who don't have extra dollars." Stairs would like to locate in a market-designed building in a residential area. He'd like to create an old-fashioned market where rural people sell their wares from buckets and barrels.

**Newfoundland**—For years, farmers have driven to St. John's and sold their produce from their pickup trucks. The problem is that consumers never know when or where to find a particular vendor, and if it rains, there's no cover. "Why not get together?" Ken Ash, of the provincial Agriculture Department asked farmers last year, "and we'll come up with a structure." The farmers, scattered about the Avalon Peninsula, weren't interested. "The situation," Ash says, "isn't that bad

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## The Region

and they're reluctant to change."

But Gander farmers liked the offer and last summer, with town backing, the Agriculture Department tried the market on a weekly basis. Gander provided a rent-free site on a stadium parking lot, the department handled promotion, provided a sign and canvas roof for less than \$1,000. Two to six regular vendors sold about \$1,000 worth of produce a day. "It was iffy as to whether it would be viable in Gander [a town of 10,000]," Ash admits, "but it turned out fantastic." The town

plans another market for this summer.

The fact that most farmers don't live near St. John's may account for the difficulty in organizing farmers there. But Ash expects to proceed with market plans this summer. There are no plans for a costly building. It will be strictly open market area. "We may set it up and hope producers come," Ash says. If they do, he thinks their presence may attract others.

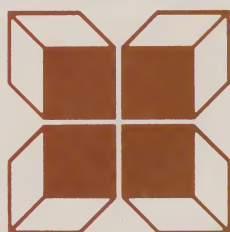
**Halifax**—The Halifax Farmers' Market keeps customers guessing: Where is it this week? Since the levelling

of the former market building in 1969 to make way for shops and offices, vendors have been jostled from one spot to another. Only 30 vendors remain today, from a high of 175. They continue to press for a permanent home, officials continue to study it, politicians promise it, but it hasn't happened. Some vendors still smart over the decision to demolish the structure on Brunswick St. Seventy-year-old vendor Joyce Saulnier laments, "We should have stood firm and not given up our rights." A 46-year market veteran, Saulnier still "hopes and prays" for permanent quarters. Meantime, she sells fanciwork in the makeshift market with her daughter, Mary Anne LaPierre, a third-generation farmer and vendor.

**T**he vendors move into a spacious if unappealing North End skating arena, once the ice is removed in mid-April. "It's not too bad a spot," vendor Reg Mannette says, "but it's a little out of the way." The crunch comes in October when the ice is replaced and vendors must move across town to set up in the Halifax Forum's dismal hallway. Vendors favor the location as a permanent site, but they hate the temporary move (they must also move out whenever the Forum holds other events). And they blame the poorly laid out area where they sell, for loss of business. "You can put up all the signs you like," Mannette explains, "but people always go to the wrong location."

The dual location setup will probably continue for a while, although there are plans for a multi-purpose complex on the city-owned property behind the Forum that could house a permanent market. The proposal had hinged on the Atlantic Winter Fair locating there but fair officials turned down the site. However, Robert Pace, chairman of the Forum Commission, says construction of a two-rink arena will proceed next year anyway. City council has approved \$3 million in the '82 budget for the Forum, and Pace says if market people are "committed to the proposal, they could have a permanent home." But, he adds, they should be "prepared to act more positively."

In spite of the problems, market support continues to grow, especially among the young. The demand exists, Mary Ann LaPierre says, and she's hanging on. "I get satisfaction growing vegetables and meeting people," she says. "And they like dealing with the farmers." ☒



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## Chatham fights for its life

*The town needs its military base but the military says it won't need the community much longer*

**A**dvocate universal disarmament in Chatham these days and you could start a war. It's not that Chatham's 7,500 residents are truculent; they just see disarmament as a gun pointed at their heads. The town's only major industry is a Canadian Armed Forces air base and the base may be doomed.

Chatham, set in the Miramichi River valley in northeast N.B., is home to a squadron of CF-101 Voodoo fighter jets which assert Canadian sovereignty in the skies over east coast waters. In case of war they would intercept enemy bombers. Soon expensive new jets, CF-18A Hornets, will replace the antiquated, 20-year-old Voodoos. But there are no plans to station Hornets in Chatham.

Deputy mayor Ron Wallace, supervising principal of the three base schools, says residents assumed a new squadron—about 12 planes—would be assigned to the base when the Defence Department announced purchase of 137 F-18s at \$18 million each last April. "It wasn't apparent to the people here that we were not getting the F-18s until January. We had been assured all along by our member of Parliament [Maurice Dionne] that the future of CFB Chatham was secure." Mayor J. Edward Maher, a funeral director, says it's too early to pronounce last rites over Chatham. But he's been expecting bad news for years. "You could smell it. The airplanes were getting old. No money was being put into the base. Before, they were improving the buildings, keeping them up, but this stopped."

Three years ago, when Prime Minister Trudeau visited northeast N.B., Chatham representatives asked point-blank about the base. "He said that Chatham base was as permanent as permanent could be." Dionne, a Liberal MP, reiterated this assurance at a mid-October "Day of Concern" rally called after the closing of the

Newcastle CN Express office. Just days before, the military announced that in 1982 it would terminate a radar operation at the base that employs 100 people.

In January, Wallace asked again about the base "because no one was saying anything." Dionne then confirmed that Chatham would not be an operating base for the F-18s. "I was shocked by his answer," Wallace says. Dionne told a radio station that perhaps planes could be manufactured at the site or it might be used as a deployment base. Wallace scoffs at the idea of an airplane plant and says a deployment base is little more than a taxi stand where two planes fly in and sit on alert. "Total employment would be a commissionaire and a couple of secretaries."

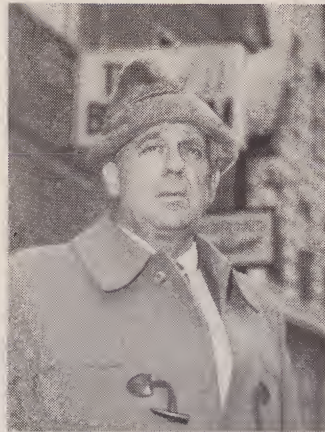
Today, CFB Chatham has 1,150 military personnel, 1,700 dependents and 350 civilian employees. It accounts for one-quarter of all jobs in the Newcastle-Chatham area (population 25,000) and has a financial impact on the province of \$25 million annually. Wallace says if the base is cut back or closed, Chatham could become a ghost town.

The F-18s, which will replace Voodoos, CF-104 Starfighters in Europe and the smaller CF-5 Freedom Fighters, will be based in Bagotville, Que., Cold Lake, Alta., and Baden, West Germany. Chatham base commander Col. Hugh Rose says Bagotville is in a better position than Chatham to cover the north and, with the F-18's long range, to cover the east, too.

Defence Minister Gilles Lamontagne said last year delivery of the F-18s would start in late 1982 at a rate of two per month until 1989. But there have been delays in production of the plane and the first F-18s may not show up until 1984. Lamontagne's department has said it's unlikely the old

Voodoos could be flown later than that.

Ray Maloney, an Irish-born former military intelligence officer now operating an insurance agency in Chatham, says if the government replaced its planes gradually over the years, it wouldn't have to do it all at once. "The mistake in Canada is trying to look for one airplane to perform all roles. That's impossible." He says while the long-range F-18 is admirably suited for



Maher: "You could smell it"

Canada's wide-open spaces, a cheaper, short-range jet would do fine in Europe where airports abound. Even sillier is the planned use of F-18s in place of the CF-5s which are army support planes, useful for knocking out tanks and bridges. Deputy mayor Wallace adds: "I can't imagine them sending one of those highly expensive F-18s against a little guy with a backpack and a missile."

Maloney says Canada should station F-18s on the east coast at Chatham and on the west coast as well. "We're not a nation unless we can control our own air space.... There's still a threat in the east, but we don't have enough airplanes.... We're depending on the Americans to defend us." He says if Chatham is no longer to have a strategic role—defence of country—it should be given a tactical role: Support of military. With army base Gagetown in N.B. plus an air-to-ground range at nearby Tracadie and an air-to-air sea range, Chatham is ideally placed for tactical training. The only other air-to-ground range, in Alberta, contains potentially valuable oil shale.

Richard Jardine, a convenience centre proprietor and president of Chatham's Chamber of Commerce, says, "It's important to the morale of the area" to believe that the base which has been the backbone of the economy since 1949 will not close. He says he hopes voters will link their support for Dionne, MP since 1974, with what happens at the base.

Dionne is arranging meetings between Lamontagne and Chatham officials. He says the town is safe for at least five years and that Trudeau "is committed to the maintenance of the federal presence in Chatham." Local residents hope so. But they've heard that before.

— Jon Everett



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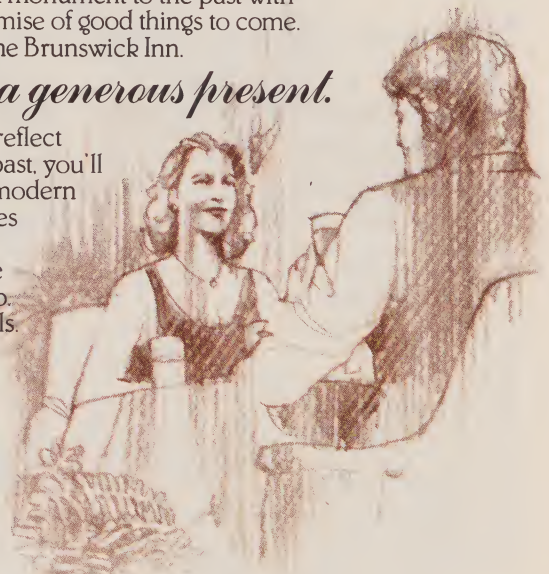
The old grocery store was once known as Barlow's Corner, because of Ezekiel Barlow who, in 1814, was

so determined to procure the property, pushed a wheelbarrow

laden with Mexican silver dollars up the seemingly insurmountable

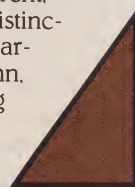
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# Newfoundland and Labrador



Murphy: "Just not good business"

## Dollars and sense in a company town

*Corner Brook officials wish they had enough industry to tell Bowater to "shove it." But they don't. So they grovel*

**T**he carpet in the executive suite of Bowater Newfoundland Limited is thick and cream colored, the kind that commands you to leave your drippy overshoes out in the hallway. In his spacious corner office, past the board room and the reception area, president and general manager D. Wallace Clark rests his large chin in his large hands and says crisply, "A grant in lieu of taxes is an asset I am entrusted to protect, the same as a power contract or a lease to forest lands." Clark is smug after a court battle with the City of Corner Brook, which tried unsuccessfully to challenge Bowater's unlimited exemption from municipal taxation. "I apologize for the contract," he says, with sarcasm. "I feel really bad every time I pass the mayor or councillors on the street."

At city hall a few blocks away, Noel Murphy, mayor of Corner Brook for 10 years, watches the great white clouds rise from the paper mill and drift across the red neon block letters—spelling BOWATER—which dominate the city. He cannot make the company pay municipal taxes. Corner Brook owes its existence to the paper mill. Before construction began in 1923, 30 families lived here. Today the "happy town," as one resident describes it, boasts 30,000 residents tucked in the dramatic valley of the Humber River. Their future is tied to the paper mill, Newfoundland's largest private employer.

When Bowater Paper Mills Ltd., Great Britain's leading newsprint manufacturer, took over the Corner

Brook plant in 1938, an act of the colonial legislature exempted the company from all municipal taxes. Since there were no municipalities anywhere near company property, it was a peculiar clause. For the next 22 years company employees lived, labored and shopped in Townsite, Bowater's private town. Their children were born in the company hospital and educated in the company school. On weekends, families worshipped in the Townsite church and relaxed in Bowater parks. The company's town department lit the streets, cleared the snow, cut the grass, painted the houses and provided the water that ran in the taps. As Townsite grew, so did the other towns which had sprung up around it. By the time they amalgamated in 1956, Corner Brook East, Corner Brook West and Curling were not as well planned or well serviced as trim, tidy Townsite, but they did have self-government.

Bowater gradually sold most of its houses to employees and turned over its parks to the new city of Corner Brook, but the company retained its tax exemption. In return, Bowater agreed to pay the city \$100,000 a year as a grant in lieu of taxes. By 1977 the grant had grown to \$385,000, but the city decided it had found a weak link in the law, sent Bowater a tax bill for \$873,000, and took the company to court. The city won the first round, Bowater won on appeal, and early this year the Supreme Court of Canada declined to hear Corner Brook's appeal. The city says the company would pay \$1 million this year if its \$20-million

worth of property were taxable. Instead, Bowater will give the city \$450,000.

In public, Mayor Murphy is diplomatic about the situation. "It's not a business agreement to have to go cap in hand each year," he says. "I don't mind getting thrown out of the office each year, but it's just not good business." Privately, he fumes. To a city with a \$10-million budget, half a million means a lot, and since the court action, relations with Bowater have deteriorated. Bowater offered to increase its annual grant by a formula: Six percent to 10% a year (varying with the residential mill rate) plus a \$50,000 sweetener. That means the city could get its \$1 million in 1990. Council made a counter offer: Full taxes within five years, similar to a deal two other big industrial employers in Corner Brook have agreed to. "We did up a fancy proposal, and met them in the board room," says city finance committee chairman Joan Wiseman. "And you know how long we were there? Two minutes. They read it once, closed the book and walked out. They left us there looking like fools." Bowater's Clark says, "Our offer has been withdrawn."

With the city's options exhausted, Murphy has appealed to the provincial government to either amend the 1938 act or make up the difference in grants. Lynn Verge, a cabinet minister from Corner Brook, says she is "favorably disposed" to having the province negotiate with Bowater, but chances for provincial action soon appear slim. Corner Brook deputy mayor George Hutchings says the city should fight the problem by expanding its industrial base. "It's degrading the way we have to go to Bowater every year," he says. "If I had one wish, it would be to be able to go to them and say, take your half million and shove it."

Bowater, meanwhile, prefers to bestow its largesse where it sees fit. That attitude, and Corner Brook House, the private home it maintains for the president, are all that remain of the company town it once ran.

Bowater recently donated the entire site of the Sir Wilfred Grenfell College (Memorial University's western campus), and gave \$500,000 to the university's Anniversary Fund. Another \$100,000 a year goes to local community groups and service clubs. But a contract is a contract: "I'd rather contribute that half-million to the university which educates the children of Corner Brook," Clark says, "than give it to council to fix the city streets."

— Amy Zierler





It was  
Frank  
Moore  
in April  
1979,



Lenore  
Zann  
in April  
1980,



Gordon  
Pinsent  
in April  
1981,



But who  
in April  
'82?



ULTRA LIGHT TASTE. MYER'S'S WHITE RUM.





## Dollars and sense in a company town

*Coroner Brook suffers work they had enough industry to sell themselves to "drive it." But they don't. So they grow!*

**T**he paper in the executive suite of Bowater Newfoundland Limited is thick and cream colored, the kind that commands you to leave your finger impressions on it in the hallway. In the spacious corner office, past the board room and the reception area, president and general manager O. Wallace Clark sits in a large chair with large hands and wavy curls. "A great deal of time is spent in an office," he remarked to guests, the same as a person confined to a home in "home care." Clark is sitting after a visit here with the City of Coroner Brook, which he had come to challenge Bowater's unilateral acquisition from municipal services. "I apologize for the confusion," he says with a smile. "I had really had every time I gave the money to somebody on the street."

As the hall a few weeks ago, from Murphy, mayor of Coroner Brook for 10 years, watches the great white clouds rise from the paper mill and drift across the mill and back down—spring 1994, KCB—while discussing the city. He cannot make the company pay municipal taxes. Coroner Brook was its own town in the paper mill. Before incorporation began in 1983, it had been a town. Today the "paper town," as one resident describes it, houses 30,000 residents tucked in the dramatic valley of the Bowater River. Their future is tied to the paper mill, Newfoundland's largest private enterprise.

When Bowater Paper Mills Ltd., Coroner Brook's trading enterprise manufacturing, took over the Coroner

Brook plant in 1986, an industrial megaproject merged many lines of municipal services into one company property, a big move. For the company employees lived, worked in Coroner Brook town. Their children went to company hospital and other company schools. On the way to school in the town and school in Bowater company's own district roads, shared the same. Clark, the former and present mayor, said the other way around, it was not a good thing. He is disappointed in 1994, Coroner Brook was not as well planned as he had hoped. He had been told government

Bowater gradually withdrew its services to residents and moved over to paper in the new city of Coroner Brook, but the company refused to pay municipal taxes. In return, Bowater agreed to pay the city \$100,000 a year as a grant in lieu of taxes. By 1997 the grant had grown to \$107,000, but the city decided it had found a real link to the town, and Bowater agreed to pay \$175,000, and took the company to court. The city was the first town Bowater was required, and early this year the Supreme Court of Canada ruled in favor of Coroner Brook's appeal. The city says the company would pay \$1 million the year of its 20th-anniversary

THIS  
TIME  
NEXT YEAR,  
WHEN WE  
CELEBRATE  
OUR 3RD  
ANNIVERSARY  
AS THE MAGAZINE  
OF ATLANTIC  
CANADA,  
WHOSE FACE  
WILL GRACE  
OUR COVER?



to be larger where it was 10 years ago, and Coroner Brook town, the former town is changing for the president, and all that means of the company town is over.

Bowater recently donated \$100,000 to the Bowater Foundation College (Bowater Foundation's second anniversary) and gave \$100,000 to the university's Anniversary Fund. Another \$100,000 was given to local community groups and service clubs. But a contract was signed. "I'll never see how that half million to the university which supports the children of Coroner Brook," Clark says. "They give it to money to be the city again."

— Amy Zartler



# MYERS'S



ULTRA LIGHT TASTE. MYERS'S WHITE RUM.



## Nova Scotia

### St. Rita says no

*But should Sydney's only obstetrical facility have the right to refuse services on moral grounds?*

**T**he first hint Barbara Kowalski had that anything was amiss came as she was wheeled toward the operating room of Sydney's St. Rita Hospital for the caesarean delivery of her third child. Kowalski was signing consent forms for the operation and a simultaneous tubal ligation (the standard form of female sterilization), when a nurse said that her request for sterilization had been turned down by the hospital's medico-morals committee.

A hasty call from Kowalski's obstetrician, Dr. Angus Gardner, to the hospital chaplain, Rev. Lloyd Dwyer, confirmed the news and added one startling detail: Kowalski's application had been denied chiefly because the committee considered her common law relationship with the baby's father less stable than a conventional marriage.

The committee's decision meant she would have to undergo a second operation at a different hospital. "I'm not an emotional person," Kowalski recalls, "but I wanted to sit there and cry to think I'd have to go all through that again."

Two weeks after the birth of a healthy daughter (Andrea, now seven months old), Kowalski filed a complaint with the N.S. Human Rights Commission, charging St. Rita Hospital with discrimination on the basis of sex, marital status, and religion. Her case has focused attention on a question that has bothered Cape Breton's medical community for years: Has the only hospital in Sydney offering obstetrical services the right to make moral distinctions in the provision of those services?

One of only three Catholic hospitals

left in Nova Scotia, St. Rita is owned by the Sisters of St. Martha, who appoint all but one of its directors. The hospital also serves as a referral centre for high-risk deliveries throughout Cape Breton because it is the only hospital on the island with a neo-natal unit, an intensive care facility for infants with medical problems during

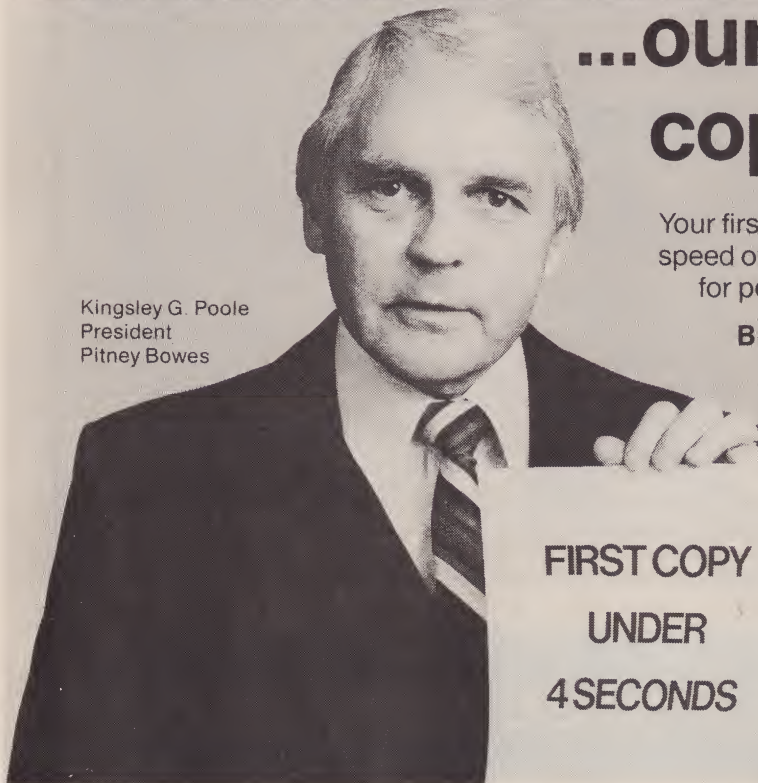


OWEN FITZGERALD

Kowalski wants decisions without dogma

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the first month of life. Since 1976, by agreement with nearby Sydney City Hospital, St. Rita has taken over virtually all obstetrics in Sydney. The exceptions involve women requiring caesarean sections who want to be sterilized at the same time, but don't fit the criteria of St. Rita's medico-morals committee. City Hospital performs about 20 such operations each year.

How the committee decides who qualifies for sterilization remains clouded. According to hospital administrator Brian Beaton, the committee has no rigid formula, but treats each case on its individual merits. A "Medico-Morals Guide" distributed by the Catholic Health Association of Canada states flatly that "sterilization may not be used as a means of birth control," but according to Beaton, St. Rita's committee considers medical, social and economic factors. "If it could endanger health, or if another pregnancy could wreck the household, the committee is likely to approve the procedure," he says. Beaton estimated the committee approves 85% of the 50 cases it considers each year.

"We don't send them the majority, because we know they won't pass," replies Dr. N. Kenneth MacLennan, head of St. Rita's obstetrical department and a persistent critic of the committee. He says the problem arises

with "normal, healthy people, 30 or 31 years old, with two or three children, who've determined that that's the end of their child rearing."

Dr. Gardner assumed Kowalski would pass. A 35-year-old widow, she had two children by her first marriage. Her partner, coal miner Ronald Curry, had one child, and the couple did not want a fifth. Kowalski had already undergone one caesarean section, and the latest pregnancy was considered high risk because she and Curry have incompatible blood types. Beaton refuses to discuss the reasons for the committee's decision while the case is before the Human Rights Commission, but Gardner says the only reason he's been given is the presumed instability of Kowalski's and Curry's common law relationship.

"To my mind," Kowalski says, "that's irrelevant. It's nobody's business. Why should I have to lay my life out for Father Dwyer and whomever else is on that committee to decide? I don't have any quarrel with St. Rita or the Catholic Church. They can believe what they believe. But I expect the same treatment."

MacLennan says St. Rita interprets church dogma on sterilization far more strictly than hospitals in other areas. Rev. Everett MacNeil, executive director of the Catholic Health Association,

says interpretation of the guidelines is usually more liberal in areas where a Catholic hospital is the only obstetric facility available.

Like all Nova Scotia hospitals, St. Rita gets its operating funds from the provincial government. MacLennan thinks this obliges the hospital to offer full services, including sterilization, but deputy Health minister, Dr. Harris Miller, disagrees. Miller says the department would intervene only if the service were unavailable elsewhere.

If the Human Rights Commission can't resolve the dispute, it can ask the minister in charge to appoint a board of inquiry, whose decision would be binding on both sides. Kowalski says she is not interested in financial compensation. She wants a promise that St. Rita will offer sterilization to patients who choose not to follow Roman Catholic dogma.

Based on the letter of the Human Rights Act, she may have an uphill battle. The act forbids discrimination based on marital status only in employment. There is no evidence the committee would have treated a request for male sterilization differently. So her case rests on the slender grounds that the committee discriminated against her, not because of her religion, but because of the hospital's.

— Parker Barss Donham

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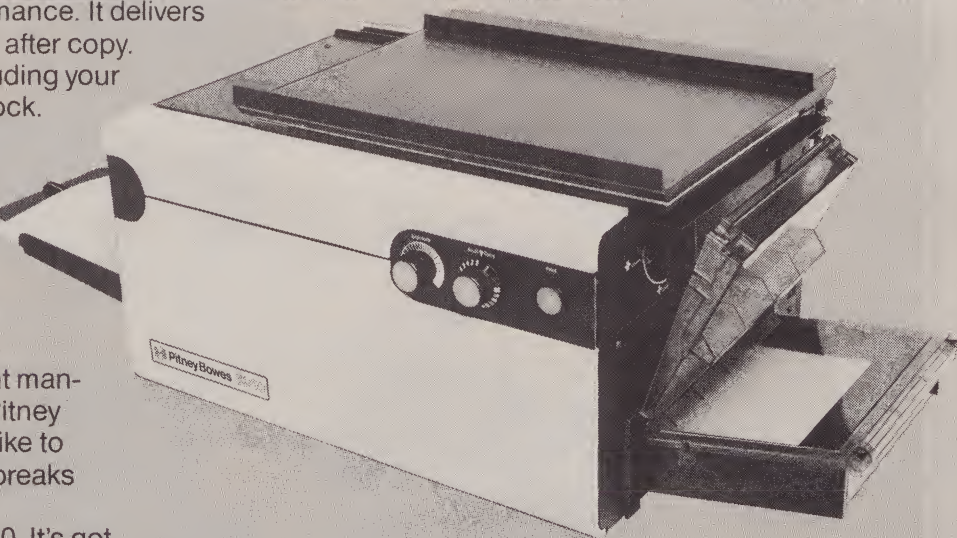
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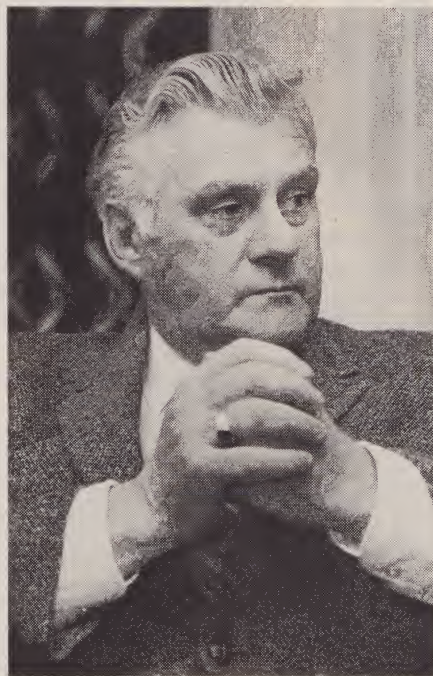


## Prince Edward Island

# Gilbert Clements says, "I'm the leader. Period."

*What he won't say is whether he's really after the Liberal leader's job permanently. Others say he is, that he'll get it, and that he could become premier*

**G**ilbert Clements doesn't want you to get the wrong idea. When he talks about P.E.I.'s next provincial election, he qualifies his remarks. "If I decide to run again," he begins. He sidesteps the question of whether he will seek his party's leadership when a convention is held to replace former provincial Liberal leader Bennett Campbell. "That's still down the road a ways," he says, casually dismissing the question. But when you try to address him by his current official title—interim Liberal leader—he bristles: "You can drop that interim bit as far as I'm concerned. I'm the leader. Period."



JACK CUSANO

**Clements: Mellowed, but still ambitious**

In that brief moment of brusqueness, there is a flash of the old Gilbert Clements, the one Gilbert Clements has been trying to bury during the three years since he was defeated in his own riding in the 1978 provincial election. During the four years he spent before that as P.E.I.'s minister of Municipal Affairs, Tourism and Environment, Clements was, according to *Eastern Graphic* editor Jim MacNeill,

"Alex Campbell's hardest-working cabinet minister." He was also his most outspoken, ambitious and determined. "If he decided something should be done," MacNeill says, "he did it. And that was that."

One thing Clements decided was that too many rusting car bodies were turning P.E.I.'s lush landscape into an ugly eyesore. He rammed through legislation forcing property owners to get rid of them. But many farmers and rural residents used parts from the wrecks to keep their new car going and they didn't like the law. They liked it even less when they ran up against bureaucratic officiousness and unnecessarily harsh enforcement of the legislation. Clements admits many Islanders considered the derelict cars "old friends" and cites the legislation as one factor in his temporary, forced retirement from politics.

After his defeat, Clements spent a year "thinking and reassessing the situation." He was re-elected in the 1979 election that brought Angus MacLean's Tories to power, but he now believes the Liberal government was defeated because the voters had decided it "was time to slow things down a bit after 12 years of major change." Gilbert Clements slowed down too.

"He's mellowed in recent years," Jim MacNeill says. "I don't think he wants to get too far out in front of what people want anymore." But MacNeill, like other Island political observers, also thinks Gilbert Clements will go after the Liberal leadership and that he will win it. If he does, MacNeill says, he could very well be the next premier of the Island.

Clements' middle name is Ralph but some people in Montague and Charlottetown think it should be Ambition. "He was always ambitious, no question about that," says Allan Nelson, a Montague town councillor who grew up with Clements. A self-made man who started his own electrical contracting business in 1949, Clements served on three different school boards in Montague, spent nearly 10 years as a town councillor, was active in frater-



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## Prince Edward Island

nal orders and the volunteer fire department, helped found the Montague Junior Chamber of Commerce and the Garden of the Gulf Museum, and served for a term as president of P.E.I.'s Young Liberal Association. He fell into the Liberal party accidentally at 15 when he wandered into a party meeting. "It just happened to be the Liberal party," he says, "but I'm glad it was. I still think the Liberals are the ones who do things."

After two unsuccessful attempts to become mayor of Montague ("It's the only thing he wanted and went after that he never got," Nelson says), Clements won a legislature seat in 1970. His four years as a back-bencher were "frustrating. I think anyone who's interested in politics wants to be in the cabinet." He'd switched from electrical contracting to real estate when he was first elected so he'd have more time for his MLA duties, then sold his real estate business when he joined the cabinet after the 1974 election.

A full-time minister, Clements worked long hours. "Most of the ministers in Alex Campbell's government didn't know as much about their portfolios as Campbell did," Jim MacNeill says, "but you couldn't say that about Clements. You'd see him at all kinds of [public] meetings. He'd go there just for his own information." And, unlike most other cabinet ministers, Clements didn't need a civil servant adviser with him when he piloted his departmental estimates through the legislature. He knew more about the figures than his staff.

Clements' ambition and his single-mindedness often bruised egos, and when Bennett Campbell quit as Liberal leader in February to contest a federal byelection, some of the party's 11-member caucus didn't want Clements as interim leader. "They had no option," MacNeill says. "They think he's a winner." If an election were called today, MacNeill believes, Clements would likely become premier. "He'd make sure that the party turned out and worked their hearts out in the campaign."

Clements, 52, is more cautious. He complains that Angus MacLean's government has been uninspired, but adds quickly, "You have to realize they've only gone halfway down the road. It could be two years before another election and a lot can happen between now and then." Besides, he says again, he isn't sure he will run again in his own seat, let alone seek the party leadership. He is one of few Islanders who isn't.

— Stephen Kimber



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## Cover Story

# The never-ending job of being Gordon Pinsent



*He's not the Rowdyman. He's driven, compulsive, work-obsessed. He's learned to call acquaintances "darling" and to speak without his native accent. But, "It's my gas pump, Newfoundland," Gordon Pinsent says. "I'm a Newfoundlander and each time I remind myself of it, it's like returning to the gas station"*

By Marian Bruce



**H**e works hard and sleeps little. Last night he had insomnia again. Today, on a bone-chilling February afternoon in Ottawa, he's a bundle of nervous tics. Flicking his thumbnail against a fingertip. Rubbing away a tension ache at the back of his neck. He's barely touched his lunch of sole and white wine at the National Arts Centre café.

He's talking about his family in Newfoundland, so I ask him how old he is. Gordon Pinsent, star of stage, TV and screen, turns on his devastating, crinkly smile, beams his beautiful, expressive, bright blue eyes across the restaurant table and says: "Oh, I'm...I didn't hear that. My ears have gone bad."

There are ladies in this country who have been swooning over Pinsent's face on the television screen for 20 years. Men like him, too. He caught their imagination as the Rowdyman, the wild and crazy Newfoundlander he played 10 years ago in a film for which he wrote the script. He still gets offered the plummiest of roles—Canada's diplomat-hero Ken Taylor, for instance, in a CTV-CBS film about the Iranian hostage crisis produced in March. He's won all kinds of awards—for his acting, for *A Gift to Last*, the CBC television series he created, for *The Rowdyman*. He's making a name for himself as a director. He's an Officer of the Order of Canada; he holds an honorary doctorate from the University of Prince Edward Island. He's such a nice man, the restaurant staff at the NAC, where he's performing for three weeks, is absolutely smitten with him. They've all chipped in to take him to dinner before he leaves town. As we leave the café, a young waiter takes me aside to ask how the interview is going. "I think he's just wonderful," he says.

As a Canadian institution, Pinsent is right up there



with the Montreal Canadiens and *Anne of Green Gables*. Still, he has these little insecurities. He worries about his public image. He drives himself constantly, never takes a holiday, produces screenplays at the rate of a small assembly line; he's convinced he's only as good as his latest script. He wonders who his friends are, or if he has any.

Pinsent lives in Toronto, but he's in Ottawa for a three-week run of *John and the Missus*, a play about a dying Newfoundland mining community that he began writing in 1964. He plays the leading male role, and between performances, he's working on the second draft of a screenplay for CBC television.



F. SCOTT GRANT

Ladies have swooned for 20 years

called *Himself*. He's capable of working 12, 14, 16 hours a day, getting up at 4 a.m. and hardly taking a break. He has a few diversions—playing the guitar, painting, making furniture—but only his work holds his attention for long. “I’m very much a doer,” he says. “I believe in success. I’m very ambitious. I’m not saying I must get it all, whatever that means. I just want to do, to create, and I want it to make a difference.” Between mid-November of last year and early February, he wrote five screenplays. He says he came close to losing his self-confidence as a writer, because in the end, he found a producer for only one play, the drama called *Himself*. Yet he kept churning them out, trying to find the formula that would sell: A film version of *John and the Missus*, a romantic comedy, a suspense film, a story about life in Hollywood.

John Wood, the NAC’s artistic director for English theatre, has worked with Pinsent on and off for five years. “He really is driven,” Wood says. “I think that it’s partly because he’s so aware that he’s from Newfoundland.

He lives in this big house in Forest Hills, and he very much belongs there. But there’s something there saying that a Newfoundlander is as good as anybody else. As capable of joining the world, being part of the world. Someone who can write as well, direct as well as anybody else. He was the first Newfoundlander in the arts to come out and make a name for himself.”

Pinsent left Newfoundland in 1948, at age 18. Four of his brothers and sisters still live there, and he goes home for visits once or twice a year. But he remains an expatriate for the same reason he left home in the first place: His career. “Being a creative individual since birth,” he says, “I can tell you that it would have been the death of me to stay in Newfoundland with the idea of trying to grow. Nobody would have come calling. If I got my ideal situation, my little lighthouse in Newfoundland, and said this is where I want to live nine months or 12 months of the year, I can tell you now I would get my token phone call once a year: ‘Come up and do a show.’ I would not get anyone calling to say, ‘What have you been writing lately?’”

If his work keeps him in Toronto, it also helps him travel back home in his head, re-creating the personalities of his past, the cove where he used to play, a certain street in Grand Falls. He was living on a hilltop in Los Angeles, where he acted in American television shows and movies for five years, when he wrote *The Rowdyman*. He keeps going back to *John and the Missus*, which opened in Halifax five years ago. The Ottawa play was a much-changed version. Now he badly wants to turn it into a movie.

The Rowdyman image has stuck to him over the years, probably more than that of the moral member of Parliament he played in the *Quentin Durgens* TV series in the Sixties. Reporters are still asking him if he really is a rowdy man (he says he really is, in his head). Strangers have been known to accost him in hotel lobbies, peer into his face and say, No, by George, he doesn’t look anything like he does on the screen. Toronto magazine writers have tried to get him drunk, hoping that he’d do something crazy. It’s become a tired old joke with him. (It also doesn’t do justice to the fact that he’s a multi-faceted, multi-talented artist.)

Late in the afternoon, we’re in a quiet hotel bar, the kind of place where civil servants frequently gather. Pinsent is busy destroying his plastic swizzle stick and arranging the pieces in neat geometric patterns on a cocktail napkin. “So,” he says suddenly. “Should I tip over some tables? Pinch a few waitresses? Start a fight?” He’s

sipping scotch-on-the-rocks, wearing a navy turtleneck and cardigan and patent-leather shoes. He looks about as rowdy as Perry Como.

Still, he keeps creating roles for himself with a streak of the Rowdyman’s irrepressible spirit: Edgar Sturgess, the dashing, scarlet-coated hero of *A Gift to Last*; John Munn, the passionate Newfoundland miner clinging stubbornly to his home in Tilt Cove in *John and the Missus*. There’s magic in Pinsent’s stage presence. As John Munn, he’s sexy, earthy, full of fire. Backstage after the show, he’s somehow inches shorter, years older. The voice with the rough, musical accent is gone. He speaks softly, with the precise diction and well-modulated tones of the trained actor. He sounds more Upper Canada College than Grand Falls Legion. A new acquaintance is automatically “darling.” There doesn’t seem to be much of Newfoundland left.

Yet, in a way, Pinsent is as firmly attached to Newfoundland as John Munn is to Tilt Cove. He insists he’s a better Newfoundlander than some who live there: What is commonplace to them he views with love and longing. “It’s my gas pump, Newfoundland,” he says. “I’m proud to say I’m a Newfoundlander, and each time I remind myself of it, it’s like returning to the gas station. Fill up the old car and get on with it again. Anything that I venture into in the future, anything I work at, is going to be heavily influenced by that environment.”

Pinsent grew up in Grand Falls, the youngest of six children born to a paper mill worker. He was, he says, a pint-sized Rowdyman character, full



With Jean Louis Roux in *Quentin Durgens*



## Cover Story



He wants to do "a *Jaws* with class"

of energy and laughter, afraid of nothing. "I loved movies about wild horses. Just loved them. But that rowdyism, that need for freedom, that wingspan that I had, was accompanied by an inheritance from my mother of a certain conscience. So I've always had this double edge—always motivated by both the gentlemanly and the reckless." He was a "terrible" teen-ager. "I wanted to be full of the devil. There wasn't enough space. I knew every song, every movie actor. I could have been sent to Devil's Island, if I had lived in another country, for what I was thinking."

He left Newfoundland six months before the province joined Confederation, got a job digging a house basement in Sydney, picked potatoes in P.E.I., worked for a circus, hitch-hiked all over. He ended up in Winnipeg, where he became a commercial artist. At the same time, he taught ballroom dancing at Arthur Murray's, did freelance portrait painting and tried acting. In the theatre, he became a cocky young man intoxicated with the joy of having discovered what he wanted to do with his life. In a five-year period in the Fifties, he sampled stage, television and radio in Winnipeg. Then he headed for Toronto and the big time.

Looking back, what he remembers most is that relentless drive to get things done. "I can tell you where I've gone from one acting role to another," he says, "but I can't tell you where I've gone from one phase of my private life to another."

He is hard pressed to name people who know him well. One, he says, would be John Hirsch, a colleague



In CBC-TV's hit, *A Gift to Last*

from the Winnipeg theatre days, and now artistic director of the Stratford Festival. Another would be Pinsent's wife, Charmion King. There is a very long silence. "I know *someone* out there knows me," he says finally. "I'm trying to run through my mind the theatres and areas where I've worked when I got to know someone really well. No, I'm not sure I ever did. And I probably haven't because I didn't want to or something. Suddenly the experience would go by and that would be the end of it."

"I don't spend an awful lot of time with people. Something happened when I began to fill up the majority of the year with work. Because then you pull yourself away. And when you see people again, you're glad to see them. But there's no reason to keep up relationships unless you have a strong social need. I don't, I guess. That time has gone by, to some degree. Those energies are transferred into something else."

People who work with Pinsent say he's co-operative, pleasant, open to others' ideas. John Wood describes him as "a loving, generous man." He works hard at being interviewed. If he's dying to get back to his typewriter, he never shows it. He gives the impression he would talk into a tape recorder all night, cheerfully going over ground he's covered in countless other interviews, dusting off anecdotes dating back almost 20 years—the Calgary farmer who, in the Quentin Durgens days, asked him for help with his dry wheat problem; the time the Toronto police caught him driving in a less-than-sober state, scolded him for

behaving in an unstatesmanlike manner and filled him with bacon and eggs before sending him home.

But Pinsent sometimes has a vaguely distracted air, like that of a man at a cocktail party doing long division in his head. After lunch at the NAC café, he excuses himself to fulfil a commitment: He's to be the door prize in a NAC theatre company party, which means that he has to sit through another lunch at the same café. He spends an hour with the prizewinner, Barbara Williams, who's playing the only female role in a new play by John Gray called *Rock and Roll*. Later, he's vague about his luncheon partner's identity; he seems unsure whether she's connected with the theatre at all.

If Pinsent seems hard to get to know, John Wood says, it's because his imagination is working all the time. You have to compete with 10 other things going on in his head at the same time, all connected, in some way, with acting, writing or directing.

Writing now is his major passion. Acting has become a secondary medium, a way of keeping his name prominent and opening doors for his writing. He wants to write the Canadian *Jaws*. *A Jaws* with class. "I still know I could wake up tomorrow and write the most exciting thing that's ever been seen in Canada," he says. "I know that and I want to do it...I want a money-maker. I want to show we can make money in this country from films. But I want them good. I want to make one great, sweeping, powerful, wonderful film."

That film, he says, may or may not be *John and the Missus*, the play he keeps returning to, the way he keeps going back home, in his imagination. There is a fair amount of guilt played out in *John and the Missus*. In one scene, the town rowdies beat up a young man who left Tilt Cove to make a buck in Upper Canada. He's considered a traitor; his punishment is almost a catharsis. "I personally have travelled with guilt all my life," Pinsent says. "Had I spent enough time at home, had I grown up as I should have and so on. It has struck me quite deeply and quite harshly as a sort of extra baggage all these years that I've been away."

"It's not that I shouldn't have done all the things I have done. Except that it's a gentle nudge to go back and examine what I might have just walked over or simply tried to forget....It's very important to me to find a way of saying that's where I bloody well come from. That's where I come from, and that's where my heart is." ☒



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gnarled hands that  
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The candle's flame seen through  
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A twinge of sadness  
that it cannot be forever.

Eleuthera. It could be your Bahamas.

## It's Better In The Bahamas





## Folks



JACK CUSANO

business and nursing after graduation, and for years, "didn't want anything to do with theatre." Seeing an amateur play finally changed her mind and she's been acting ever since. Despite her experience and her talent, she says she's frustrated that there aren't more good roles for women over 30. *The Last Real Summer* may change that.

**M**ost people have had the urge to write to the editor of the local newspaper. They usually resist the call, but not **Carroll Kadey** of Ellerslie, P.E.I. Since the retired serviceman moved to the Island in 1967, he's written thousands of letters as readers of the Charlottetown *Guardian* can attest. Hardly a day passes without another of his letters appearing on the editorial page. "It's what I enjoy doing," Kadey says. "It's my medium of expression and it's one of those things that gets into your blood." For Kadey, letter writing is addictive. On an average day, he'll knock off half a dozen letters, often focusing on his favorite subjects—politics and religion. On a weekend, he'll write 25 or more. He varies his tactics, sometimes stuffing all the letters into a single envelope, sometimes mailing each separately. But he always keeps them short. When he started, he had the field to himself. Now he notices that the letters section is "more vibrant" and "I think maybe the way my letters are written may stimulate other writers." And he's not about to quit. "It's not unusual for me to get up and write something in the middle of the night and then go back to bed."

ing. "This could have grave consequences for the Canadian economy," warns the 42-year-old Polish-born Unger, first N.B. resident to head CAUT. "You just can't depend on buying all your technology from others."

**Allan Connolly** has always been fascinated by radio but for the past four years, he's managed to combine that interest with his teaching career. The vice-principal of West Kent Elementary School in Charlottetown teaches his Grade 6 students English skills and encourages creativity by putting them to work on 15-minute daily radio programs. "The idea," he says, "is to develop language and research skills in a novel fashion." The programs are aired occasionally over the school's public address system or "broadcast" just to the other members of the class. Divided into four broadcast teams, the pupils write newscasts, editorials, consumer reports and commercials as well as conduct interviews. One graduate is now doing some free-lance broadcasting and students in two other Island schools are thinking about setting up their own radio stations. Recently, Connolly won a national award from the Hilroy Fellowship Program for his innovative teaching approach. But he insists the credit go to the kids. "They show me what they've prepared, I read it and perhaps suggest a few changes. And I make sure they've shared the responsibilities. But the beauty of something like this is they do everything."

DAVID NICHOLS



Connolly: The fascination of radio

### Gregson: Finally, a meaty role

**T**he part of a middle-aged doctor in *The Last Real Summer* at Edmonton's Theatre 3 could be the "meaty role" Halifax actress **Joan Gregson** has been waiting for. She hopes the play, which will likely open in northern Alberta, will be chosen for next month's international Toronto Theatre Festival because "I want directors to know I'm available. If you're going to really get ahead you must be seen by [Toronto] directors and producers." It's not that the ACTRA award winning actress needs the work, of course. Last year, she co-starred in the hit comedy *The Fourposter* and hosted CBC Halifax's television program *22 Hazelwood* as well as serving as both Maritime president of ACTRA and as a representative of the National Performers' Council. Born in Paris, Gregson moved to Dartmouth in 1938. Although she acted in school productions, she opted for

**C**anada gave the world insulin and developed the snowmobile but lately the country has forgotten the value of research, says **Israel Unger** of Fredericton, president of the Canadian Association of University Teachers. CAUT, whose main function is preserving academic freedom from political influence and defending members from unjust treatment, broke away from its usually low-key image recently by censuring two Atlantic universities: Memorial, in St. John's, for dismissing Prof. Marlene Webber who allegedly advocated the overthrow of the government by revolutionary means, and Halifax's Technical University of Nova Scotia for dismissing Prof. John Goodfellow "without specifying cause." Back on less controversial ground, Unger, a University of New Brunswick chemistry professor, has spent much of his one-year CAUT term sounding the alarm that Canada has fallen behind other industrial nations in its research spend-





Zahn: Levitation for fun and profit

From nine-to-five, he's a mild-mannered accountant with Newfoundland and Labrador Hydro, but when the lights go down, **Hans Zahn** becomes magician, inventor and entrepreneur. At 13, German-born Zahn was the youngest member of his country's Magic Circle, and shortly after coming to Newfoundland, he began manufacturing illusions—dazzling contraptions which float people, saw them into pieces, put them back together and make them disappear. Zahn's willing subject is most often his wife, Marilyn. "You can't be a magician's wife if you're nervous," she says. Zahn, who has been performing for 20 years, is now working on a magical cabinet from which the entire family, including 11-year-old Andrea and seven-year-old Franz will appear and vanish. But his latest venture is producing videotape lectures by some of the world's great magicians, many of them elderly. "We started doing it mainly for people in remote areas who would probably never get the chance to see these performers," Zahn says, "but business exploded. Twenty-five percent of our customers are in Japan, and we've had inquiries from Singapore, the Philippines, Belgium, Italy, Germany, England, Mexico and Scandinavia." The videotape business looks good enough that Zahn may soon stop counting Hydro's money and start counting his own. But Marilyn worries: "You'll never see a rich magician."

When **Rev. Dick Perry** isn't looking after his duties as Unitarian minis-

ter-at-large in the Atlantic provinces, you'll find him at home in Chester, N.S., where he builds miniature scale models of houses. Perry moved to the province from Philadelphia three years ago. He displays his miniature buildings—they range from period pieces he built while on a sabbatical in England to modern houses—in the picture window of his workshop. The intricate detail in each model shows his infinite patience and his love of the craft. However, it wasn't until he displayed a miniature

of his own home in Chester that he discovered an untapped market for his talents: Owners of many of the beautiful summer residences in the area began to commission him to build replicas of their homes. With the cost of full-size houses rising steadily, his patrons probably wish Perry's slogan which proclaims he'll build a model home "at a fraction of the cost of the original" applied to more than just miniatures.

When one-time newspaper circulation employee **Callum Thomson** fell in love with his wife-to-be, archeologist **Jane Sproull Thomson**, he followed her to a Canadian Archeology Association meeting in Ottawa and fell in love with archeology as well. They spent their honeymoon on Callum's first dig in the Northwest Territories. "We stayed in the honeymoon suite at the Gold Range Hotel in Yellowknife," Jane says. "That's the one with the sink." Today, as curator of archeology at the Newfoundland Museum, Jane is managing a travelling exhibition on the Dorset culture in Canada. Callum, now an archeology graduate student, found some of the exhibit's most exciting artifacts during a dig last summer on Shuldham Island in Saglek Bay on the Northern Labrador coast. The Dorset occupied Newfoundland and Labrador for nearly 2,000 years, mysteriously disappeared about 600 years ago, and archeologists are just now beginning to piece together the puzzle of their history from the thousands of tiny artifacts they've found and from

the legends of the Inuit, who once lived side by side with them. The Dorset exhibition, at the St. John's Museum this month, will travel across Canada for two years and probably stop at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C., before finally returning to Newfoundland in 1983.

**Louise Adler** of Saint John has been telling New Brunswick senior citizens for years that it's never too late to start a new career. This spring she followed her own advice and began publishing *Senior World*, a national quarterly for seniors. Adler, the former producer and hostess of *Tomorrow, You Are We*, a TV program for seniors and former adviser to the N.B. Senior Citizens' Federation, was born in Winnipeg but she will not reveal her own age. She says she worked her way through the University of Denver during the Depression and married Joe, a travel writer, in 1939. Adler started out with a youth organization but when she learned it did not promote women to top jobs, founded her own community centre in the Bronx, N.Y. She eventually moved to Montreal to be executive director of Canadian Hadassah-Wizo, directed the Quebec Association for the Mentally Retarded for four years, then came to Saint John to help establish Loch Lomond Villa, a seniors' complex. What does Adler think is a good age to retire? "100."

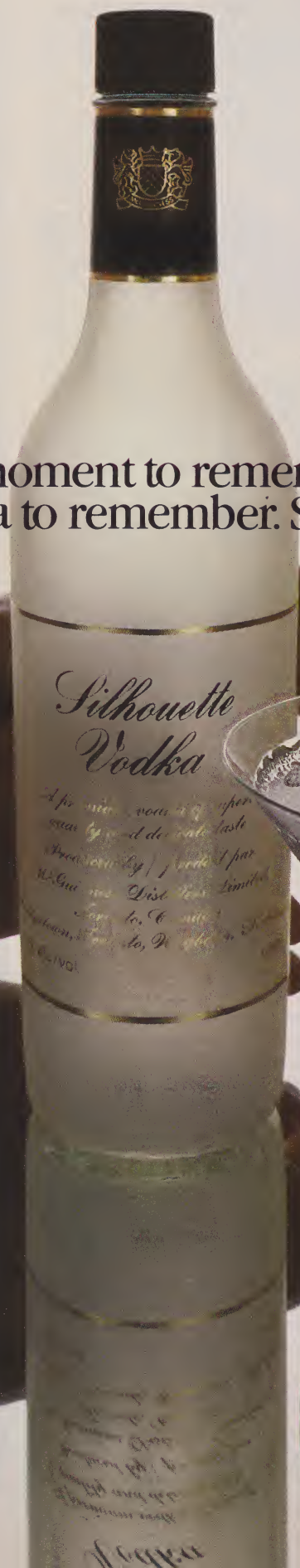
JAMES WILSON



Adler: Taking her own advice



A moment to remember.  
A vodka to remember. Silhouette.







## Golly, Scarlett, the Old South didn't die

*It lives on in plantations, old mansions, southern fried chicken and, yep, even the "Swanee River"*

By Robert Stewart

**T**he best title I have ever seen for a piece of travel writing was "Back Where I've Never Been," by John McNulty. The theme was that McNulty's Irish-American upbringing had left him so saturated with Irish lore that he felt he knew all about Ireland before he ever set foot on the auld sod.

I felt much the same way when Agnes and I decided to spend a couple of weeks in the sun in the southern United States, avoiding the colorless tourist emporium of Florida. I had never been in the South, but I had read about it, seen movies about it, and sung songs about it so much that it had become part of my cultural life.

Up among the frosty jackpines of my youth, we would raise our voices in praise of honeysuckle, magnolias, and sycamores, without having the faintest

notion of what they looked like. How loudly—and repetitiously—have I declared my love for dear old Swanee, and how many times have I wished I was in Dixie! Like a Pavlov dog, I started humming to myself as I thought of our impending jaunt: Gonna take a sentimental journey on the Chattanooga Choo-Choo by the light of the Carolina moon.

This proved to be a logistical impossibility. Not only was my geography screwy, but you can't take a diesel, let alone a choo-choo, to Chattanooga anymore. So we settled for another destination that also had me humming, Charleston, South Carolina. Off we went to Amtrak's "Montrealer," changing in Washington to the "Palmetto." Though I was deprived of the nostalgic kick of having my ham and eggs in Carolina—the train carried only microwave oven food—Amtrak

**Mansions and palmettos in Charleston,**

delivered us to Charleston on time and in comfort, with plenty to see on the way.

A palmetto, I learned, is a small palm tree. Charleston is full of them, serving notice to Canadians that they are unmistakably in another country. The city (pop. 77,000) also abounds in huge old mansions built by wealthy traders and planters when cotton was rightly called white gold.

Many of these now take in paying guests. At Carr's Guest Home at No. 2 Meeting Street, we were shown to a giant-sized room in which the blushing pink paint was peeling ever so slightly to give an air of faded southern decadence. A *chaise longue* worthy of the young Vivien Leigh was part of the vintage furnishings, and there was an old-fashioned bidet in the bathroom. All this for \$15 (U.S.) a night.

Carr's is in the middle of Old Charleston, across from a waterfront park where they used to hang pirates. Built in 1891, it is probably the newest house for blocks around. Most of the old mansions are still lived in—up the street was one for sale for \$525,000. A fair sampling is open to the public, though, and we toured several dating back to the 18th century, all in beautiful condition. George Washington really did sleep in one. It's decorated and



# Travel

furnished just as it would have been in his day.

It is hard to dispute Charleston's claim to being "America's most historic city." Founded in 1680, it has survived wars, epidemics, devastating fires, earthquakes, hurricanes and tornadoes over the years. Perhaps the main thing it has survived is 20th-century "progress." It went into an economic nose-dive when the American Civil War ended and the white plutocrats no longer had slaves to fill their coffers. It has never really recovered, so there has been little incentive to tear down old buildings to make room for high-rises. Even today, the tallest structures in town are the church steeples. Other old cities have been restored, but Charleston has been preserved out of necessity.

It is different from modern American cities in many respects, not the least of which is that it is safe to walk around in at all hours. At night it looks like parts of London, with its gas light, stone walls and narrow alleys and mews mirroring its British colonial past.

It is not, however, a place where you would go to find nightlife. Everything seems to close down before midnight. You can eat well if you don't leave it too late. Most of the restaurants serve fresh seafood, which is different enough from the varieties you get in Canada to be a novelty. The local waters yield shrimp, crab, sea trout and flounder, often cooked Creole style in hot spicy sauces. At Poogan's Porch on Queen Street, I had a delectable jambalaya, which set me humming once more, recalling the old Hank Williams number of that name.

Poogan's is one of a number of Charleston restaurants located in 19th-century houses. As in other North American cities, a rash of new restaurants has sprung up in unlikely places—in an old warehouse, an old ice house, an old barge, an old church. It was refreshing to find an old restaurant in an old *restaurant*—Henry's on Market Street. Here the food and service come first, and the decor is secondary. Henry's shad roe fried with bacon is a treat.

A word we kept coming across in the travel literature we acquired was "antebellum," Latin for pre-war. When they talk about "the war" in Charleston, they mean the American Civil War and nothing else. In the immediate area there are three well-preserved antebellum plantations. We took a tour of one called Boone Hall, eight miles out of the city. Its spectacular three-quarter-mile avenue of oaks and its gracious colonnaded manor house

are straight out of the movies. In fact they were used in the filming of *Gone With the Wind*.

It was in Charleston that the Civil War began, both politically and militarily. The Yankees called it "the cradle of secession," because South Carolina was the first state to secede. At 4:30 a.m. on April 12, 1861, state artillerymen opened fire on the Federal base of Fort Sumter, a massive brick structure on a man-made island guarding the approaches to Charleston harbor. We took a tour boat out to see this historic shrine, which houses a well-appointed Civil War museum.

If I have one criticism of Charleston, it's that it's a little *too* well preserved—preserved to the point of fragility. At times it feels like one big museum. Savannah, Georgia, 90 miles south, has more blood to it. Although a large part of the city has been expertly and lovingly restored, it is above all a busy seaport. Savannah's restorationists have done a fine job of blending the dreamy past with the practical present on River Street, its accessible waterfront.

The street is a lively jumble of boutiques, restaurants and bars built into old cotton warehouses. In its discos and pubs, local residents and tourists rub shoulders with merchant seamen off the ships moored a stone's throw away. In the Kevin Barry Pub I discovered that one of the most popular beers in these parts is none other than Moosehead. After a long spell on watery American beer, I was ready for a couple. I couldn't resist laying on the old joke about the source being on the label, to the great merriment of my companions at the bar.

Savannah has old houses galore to be seen, but it also puts its historical properties to everyday uses. We dined well in a splendid mansion-cum-restaurant called the Olde Pink House, built in 1771. Another restaurant—really a restaurant complex—is in the Pirate's House, the site of an old grog shop. The management claims that some of the scenes in *Treasure Island* were set here.

By this time I was getting a little tired of old houses and museums, and we decided it was time to try a slice of life in a Georgia resort. We made one last stop before leaving Savannah at the Ships of the Sea Museum. This is a three-storey building overlooking the harbor with a superb collection of nautical models and artifacts.

We headed 80 miles south to the King and Prince Hotel on St. Simon's Island. Originally a private beach club for rich folk, the K & P is a Spanish

Colonial villa of about 100 rooms with a quiet elegance usually found only in the most expensive resorts. For \$50 (U.S.) a day we got a good big room, though we could have shelled out up to \$200 for a lavish suite on the beachfront. It wasn't swimming weather (this was in December and the temperature was in the 60s fahrenheit) but it would have been lovely if it had been. The hotel is on a white sand beach that stretches for miles.



Charleston: "America's most historic city"



Savannah has old houses galore



Here we were surrounded by all the romantic southern phenomena of my second-hand dreams—palm trees, magnolias, oleanders, azaleas, mocking birds, even a possum regarding us coolly through the windows of the magnificent dining room. St. Simon's was once prime cotton country, so it naturally contains a restaurant called the Old Plantation. Run by an all-black staff, it offers authentic traditional southern cooking. The proprietor, Alfonzo, insisted that we try a complimentary order of his splendid special poached oysters. One bite of

the Old Plantation's *real* southern fried chicken, and you'll never want to go to Colonel Sanders again.

There are oysters, oysters everywhere on St. Simon's; many of the houses are built of tabby, a type of concrete composed of sand, lime and crushed oyster shells. This includes Fort Frederica, constructed in 1736 to guard against a Spanish invasion. (The Spanish were repulsed in 1742.) The prices for oysters here should make Prince Edward Islanders blush. In a rough-and-ready seafood house called the Crab Trap, I had 30 of them

roasted (they're rather like steamed clams) for \$4.35.

One of the chief reasons for this trip was to fulfil an ambition of mine to see the Okefenokee Swamp. I've been wanting to go ever since I first started reading the great Pogo comic strip. Early one morning, we drove 60 miles to the Waycross, Ga., entrance to Okefenokee Swamp Park. The first thing our guide there told us was that the Okefenokee isn't really a swamp at all, because swamps are formed of stagnant water. It is actually a giant watershed covering 600 square miles, the headwaters of the Suwannee River, The "Swanee" of the Al Jolson tune.

**W**e took a two-hour boat ride into the swamp, passing a typical southern relic—a rusted moonshine still that had operated until quite recently. The guide warned us to keep our hands out of the water—alligators, you know. A couple of gators basked in the warm sun on the banks, one a young female with a baby. "Don't bother them," said the guide unnecessarily, "and they won't bother you."

I was prepared for the sinister look of the swamp—the cypress and gum trees draped in Spanish moss, the buzzards wheeling overhead—but I was not prepared for its beauty. The peat islands blaze with wildflowers, and the still tea-like water throws up dazzling reflections, so that you see everything vividly twice.

On Cowhouse Island, where a swamp settler's cabin is carefully preserved, we were lucky enough to get into a conversation with a couple of local types, a farmer and a young guide who doubles as a rattlesnake hunter (the venom is used to make medicines). They filled us in on a lot of Okefenokee lore.

The guide assured me that the swamp is the safest place in the world, so I rented a canoe at Folkston, Ga., for a private excursion. We paddled up the Suwannee Canal, dug in the 1890s in a quixotic attempt to drain the swamp to get at the timber it contains. No one else was near, unless you count a couple of alligators taking the sun on a bank an arm's length away. We surprised a great blue heron at its fishing. I didn't fish myself because I didn't have the equipment, but I am told the swamp is a great place for large-mouth bass.

Southern hospitality, we found, is no myth. The local folk were unaffectedly friendly. As a tourist, you're not made to feel like a necessary evil or a cash-dispensing machine. A conspicuous feature of southern courtesy is the phrase people invariably use on parting: "You all come back and see us." With any luck, we will. ☑



WOLF VON DEM BÜSCHE/IMAGE BANK

The legendary Okefenokee swamp is really a giant watershed area



## Velikdenn to you too

*A couple of ex-Winnipeggers bring the delights of a Ukrainian Easter feast to Fredericton*

By Colleen Thompson

**W**hen Ruth and Stephen Chappell arrived in Fredericton eight years ago, most of their new neighbors had never heard of spicy *studenetz*, sampled the sweet delights of *syrynk* or sipped a bowlful of tart *borsch*. Since then, the Chappells have made some changes in the city's dining tastes. If you visit their restaurant on Easter weekend, you'll find most of Fredericton's small Ukrainian-Canadian community. But there'll also be many non-Ukrainian customers, cracking decorated eggs for good luck, joining costumed waiters in exuberant dances and feasting on Ukrainian specialties.

The Chappells began serving Ukrainian-style Easter and Christmas dinners a couple of years ago when Ruth, an ex-Winnipegger of Ukrainian origin, decided to share with Fredericton friends some of the special dishes and customs that are part of her heritage. The Chappells began by slipping a few Ukrainian specialties on the menu at Goofy Roofy's, the popular snack bar they run on Saturday mornings at the Boyce Farmers' Market. The dishes were a hit. Ruth told regular customers about her plans for holiday dinners at Eighty Eight Ferry, a restaurant named for its street address, and overflow crowds flocked to the restaurant. It was almost impossible to book a reservation for the holiday dinners. "We still don't advertise," Ruth says, "but now we have two to three sittings, so we can take more people."

For the Ukrainian Orthodox community, Easter is the most joyous time of the year: The celebration of the Resurrection, the end of fasting. At the Chappells' restaurant, decorated eggs, the symbol of new life, hang on trees outside and at each place setting. The one beside your plate is for eating, and there's a ritual to cracking it. You must hit it end-for-end against your neighbor's egg. (If your egg holds out against all the others, that means very good

luck for you.)

While Stephen acts as maitre d', tireless Ruth cooks all the food and spends time in the dining room, introducing customers to each other, explaining Ukrainian traditions and coaxing people up to dance.

Everybody feasts on roast ham, roast suckling pig, *studenetz* (jellied meat loaf), *boroke i heen* (beet and horseradish relish), *paska* (rich yellow bread), Ukrainian garlic sausage and *syrynk* (fruity and spicy cheesecake). It is, as they say in the Ukraine, *Velikdenn*—the Great Day.

Combine the yeast, milk, 5 cups flour and beat until smooth. Cover and let rise in warm place until bubbly. Add the eggs, sugar, butter, and salt. Stir, then add enough flour for a soft dough. Knead until dough does not stick to hands. Turn the dough onto a floured board and knead until smooth and satiny. Place dough in bowl, cover, let rise until almost double in bulk. Punch down and let rise again. Divide into 3 parts. Shape 2 parts into round loaves and use the remaining portion to decorate loaves with cross or braid. Put loaves on round greased pans and put in warm place until loaves almost double in bulk. Brush carefully with beaten egg diluted with 2 tbsp. water. Bake at



PHOTOS BY STEPHEN HOMER

### **Paska** (Traditional Easter bread)

- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1 cup lukewarm water
- 1 package dry yeast
- 3 cups lukewarm scalded milk
- 5 cups flour
- 6 eggs (beaten)
- 1 cup sugar
- $\frac{2}{3}$  cup melted butter
- 1 tbsp. salt
- 9 to 10 cups sifted flour

Dissolve sugar in water, sprinkle yeast over and let stand 10 minutes.

400° F. for 15 minutes and then for 40 more minutes at 350° F. Avoid browning top too deeply. If necessary, cover loosely with aluminum foil or heavy brown paper. Remove from pans and allow to cool.

### **Boroke i Heen**

(Beet and horseradish relish)

- 10 med. beets (or four cans of beets)
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated horseradish, fresh if possible
- 2 tsp. salt
- $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups vinegar



½ cup sugar

Cut off stems 1 inch above beet. Wash beets, cook in boiling water until tender, drain and cool. Slip off the peel, cut off stems and roots. Grate beets on coarse grater. Mix with horseradish, combine other items and bring to boil. Strain over beet mixture. Seal and store in refrigerator. Allow to stand for 24 hours before using.

on taste

Wash meat well, place in pot of cold water and bring to boil. Lift out, rinse thoroughly and place in clean pot. Add original water to cover meat, bring to boil and allow to simmer for ½ hour. Add other ingredients after removing scum. Continue to simmer until bones and meat fall apart, about 3 hours. Remove bouquet garni, strain stock. Cut meat in small pieces. Re-

3 eggs

2 egg yolks

1 tbsp. sugar

1 tbsp. rich cream

½ tsp. salt

1 tbsp. brandy

2 cups flour

Beat eggs and yolks together until light. Beat in sugar, cream, salt and brandy. Sift in flour to make a soft dough and knead lightly. Cover and let stand 10 minutes. Roll dough very thin and cut into long strips about 1¼ inches wide. Cut strips diagonally into about 3-inch lengths, slit each piece in centre and pull one end through to form a loose loop. Work with a small amount of dough at a time, keeping the remainder covered, because it has a tendency to dry out. Cover the dough shapes and deep fry a few at a time in 375° F. vegetable oil until delicately browned. Drain on paper, sprinkle with confectioner's sugar and eat while warm.

### Syrnyk

(Easter cheesecake)

#### Crust

⅓ cup butter

¼ cup sugar

1 egg

1 cup sifted flour

1 tsp. baking powder

¼ tsp. salt

Cream butter and sugar, beat in egg. Sift dry ingredients, combine with creamed mixture. Spread over bottom and sides of buttered 9x9-inch pan. Bake at 350° F. for 12 to 15 minutes.

#### Filling

1 lb. dry cottage cheese

3 to 4 eggs

⅔ cup fine sugar

3 tbsp. melted butter

½ tsp. salt

grated rind and juice of small orange

grated rind and juice of ½ lemon

½ tsp. cinnamon

1 tsp. vanilla

2 tbsp. flour

½ cup raisins

Crush cottage cheese in plastic bag with rolling pin. Beat eggs, add sugar. Beat well. Add butter and continue to beat with whipper. Add cheese. Stir in remaining ingredients except raisins. Continue to mix thoroughly. Add raisins. Spoon mixture over partially baked crust. Bake in slow oven 300° F. to 325° F. for one hour. Serve from pan.



### Studenetz

(Jellied meat loaf)

8 pork feet

3 pork hocks

1 veal shank and bone

1 bouquet garni

salt to taste

1 med. onion

1 to 4 cloves of garlic depending

move all fat and bones. Place meat in casserole dish, pour stock over meat. Let stand until cool. Then place in refrigerator to set until firm. Remove fat from top before serving. Sprinkle with vinegar.

### Khrustyky

(Crisp Ukrainian dainties)







SILVER DONALD CAMERON

## Cha till mi tuille... Nevermore shall I return

*They came to Creignish Rear in the 1800s, Scots on the run from the Clearances. They suffered and survived. And now they are gone. Except for Angus Little Rory, the last of the pioneers, and Alyre Petrie, the hope for the future*

*By Silver Donald Cameron*

In imagination one can see them tottering down the gangplank in Ship Harbour and Spanish River—tattered, stinking, lousy. Peaked and pale, thinned and weakened by ships worse than slavers, they wobble onto the quay, peering with dulled wariness at this place called Cape Breton. Peasants with no riches but their culture of poetry and music and dance, with no language but their Highland Gaelic, their names are preserved only in registers of shipping and land grant applications.

*John MacQuarrie, 65, of the Isle of Rum, and his wife Marion, 60, their sons Allan and Donald, their daughters Rachel, Margaret and Bell, entered at Ship Harbour July 12, 1828...*

Family after family, perhaps 20,000 by 1843. Fanning out into the backlands, down along the shore, up the river valleys. Settling near their cousins, brothers, neighbors. Cutting the massive trees, planting gardens, building huts in the woods. Suffering, dying, hungry, and heartbroken. Six people living five weeks on the milk of a single cow.

What can they do but persevere? Evicted by their chiefs, disowned by the only social order they ever knew, bribed and starved and tricked aboard the emigrant ships, what can they do but sing their mournful songs and try to scratch out a living?

*Lauchlin MacInnes, 55, and his wife Mary, 48, and their six children between 6 and 25. Hector MacLean,*

*The tide of the Scots ebbs...*

*32, and his wife Catherine, 29, and their infant daughter Mary...*

Hear the rhythm of axe and maul, and the hoofs of horses and oxen. See the hands pulling teats, cutting shingles, gripping plows and shovels. Smell the wet earth after rain, the sodden ashes of stump fires. Watch the forest retreat as the farmhouses rise, the fields misty with green oats and the fresh-hewn timbers of the new barn white against the blue summer sky. Follow the dirt roads as they snake across the country. Notice the names changing: From Ship Harbour to Port Hawkesbury, from Juste-au-Corps district to Inverness County, from Chestico to Port Hood. And still the farms spread, like slowly flooding water, from the coast all the way inland to the Bras d'Or lakes. It is 1880, and the Highland tide is full.

And now watch the ebb: The neglect of the fields and orchards, the sagging of the barns, the collapse of the houses. Schools and post offices close. Roads deteriorate and grow in. Whole communities stand empty. Powerful and patient, the forest creeps back across the forgotten fields.

The people who were driven from Scotland by sheep have been forced to move on again. MacQuarries, MacDonalDs, MacInnises, Camerons, MacMasters—you may find them in



Boston and Seattle, Toronto, Halifax, Sydney, Port Hawkesbury. But you will not find them in Mackdale, Rhodena, MacDougal's Mountain, Essex. A few houses and a school still stand in Creignish Rear. Full circle: The schoolhouse is full of sheep.

In Creignish Rear, one old bachelor and one young one are the last flickers of a community that once knew 90 farms. Come meet Alyre Petrie and Angus MacDonald. And listen for the voices of the vanished Gaels.

Turn left as you enter Cape Breton. Half a dozen miles from the causeway, turn right at the big church on the shore at Creignish. The mountain road switchbacks up the cliff, and levels out by the crossroads where Dan Hughie MacDonald's house, which once harbored a post office and a general store, stands with gaping walls and stripped shingles, waiting for a storm rough enough to blow it down.



Angus Little Rory misses his neighbors

This was the main intersection of Creignish Rear, with roads leading off to Rhodena, Lake Horton, Rear Long Point. All through the woods, the pulp cutters run across foundation holes, piles of stone hauled from the fields, shingled walls lying flat on the ground. Apple trees struggle with the spruce, rows of stunted rhubarb still battle upward through the grass.

Turn right, along the General Line. In 1930, 25 or 30 farms fringed this road. The abandoned house on the hill

was Dougald MacDonald's home when his wife was serving as one of the last teachers in the school section. The next house, low and eyeless with its vacant windows, is Scottish as a strathspey in style. And the following house shelters John Angus MacDonald—or Angus Little Rory, as he's known hereabouts, the son of Little Rory the Mason. The last of the pioneer families.

Angus' plain white house rests on a south-facing hillside. Trim and well-kept, the farm is curiously lifeless. No crops toss in the breeze, no implements or machines stand waiting in the yard. The only sign of a garden is a large



The young left, the old died

potato patch just below the barn. No vehicles wait by the house. There's no point latching the gate; Angus Little Rory has no animals to escape.

Accompanied by a boisterous young dog named Spot, Angus comes to greet his visitors. A wiry little man in his late 70s, he wears a peaked cap, a red check workshirt over olive drab shirt and trousers. He speaks with that soft, liquid Gaelic accent which seems to linger over words and caress them.

Angus has lived alone since his brother died about four years ago. He has never held a driver's licence; he gets in and out with Alyre Petrie, across the road, and he brings his groceries in by cab from Port Hawkesbury. It costs \$7.50. His brother had a pickup truck, but when there's work to be done Angus prefers a horse. His last horse died a year and a half ago, of extreme old age.

And where am I from? Oh, down near Arichat, 50 miles away. "I was in Arichat once," says Angus. "I went down with a sleighload of rabbits to sell."

He misses his neighbors. It was good when the families of the General Line could get together of a winter evening. I try to imagine this kitchen full of song and laughter and gossip. A plain room, a bachelor's room, with its rough-cut board ceiling over hand-hewn beams, its planked and painted

walls, its wood-fired cook stove. A chrome set, linoleum, a well-used couch, a small plaster Christ crucified to the wall, a big old alarm clock. The people would bring the warmth to such a room, and take it away again.

"Oh, I was going to leave, too," nods Angus. "Yes, I was going to leave, too." But he and his brother never quite got around to it, and after a while there didn't seem to be much point. Electricity finally reached the General Line in the late Fifties, when most of the people had left, and the telephone came in when Alyre Petrie moved back, five years ago. The people left just when things improved.

"They did," nods Angus. "Yes, they did. They left just when things were getting good."

Just before we part, Angus looks up at me sharply.

"Are there many horses around Arichat?" he asks. "Working horses? I'd like to get another horse. It's hard to do anything without a horse."

"The young people moved away, and the old folks died." It's like a refrain. Electricity, the telephone, pavement and the railroad spread along the shore, but not into the Rear. A farmer lived well, in a sense, but he had no cash, no luxuries, no toys. The farms produced more children than they could support—and the good jobs were in the new steel plant at Sydney, the mill towns of New England, the big homes of Boston. The ones who moved away came visiting, with store clothes on their backs, cash in their pockets, and temptation in their stories.

So the farms fell vacant, and every vacant farm drained the will of its neighbors. Schools shrank and closed. Factory farming and supermarkets took over local markets. Government regulations meant your two pails of milk had to be tested and approved before you could sell them. The mines and railways stagnated, and so the market for pit props and railroad ties evaporated.

Malcolm MacDonnell hung on in Essex until 15 years ago, and when you ask him now whether he regrets leaving, he roars, "No! I should have left 20 years before! You couldn't make a living back there." Malcolm used to walk five miles out to the railway to get work shovelling snow, and walk five miles home at night—all for \$2.35 a day. And that wasn't very long ago.

Talk about them long enough, and the dead men rise and speak. Neil MacQuarrie was a wit, and his droleries live on in the memories of those who knew him. A short, dark man, he farmed a few miles beyond the General Line, in South Rhodena. He was never lost for an answer.



# Heritage

Neil once bought a barrel of flour from R.J. MacDonald, an important merchant in Port Hastings—which was then a much more imposing centre of commerce than nearby Port Hawkesbury—and, a few days later, brought it back.

“Was it not good?” inquired MacDonald, in Gaelic.

“No,” said Neil.

“Well, what was wrong with it?”

“I took it home,” said Neil, “and my wife made some bannock. I tried a piece. It had a poor taste. I put some butter on it. It tasted no better. I put some molasses on it. That was no help. The cat was passing by, so I threw it a piece. It took two nibbles, and then retired behind the stove, and licked its

spectre. James P. MacDonald, another fiddler, brought a child down to church for burial, a victim of diphtheria. The next day he was back with another.

“In those days,” says John Alex MacDonald, the former mail driver who admits to 87 years, though his cousins say he’s older, “TB was an awful killer. They had no cure for it, then. They’d just leave you in a back room and wait for you to die. It wiped out whole families, all but one or two.”

Alyre Petrie’s family moved down from New Brunswick in 1956, and lived for 10 years across the road from Angus Little Rory. In 1974, at 30, Alyre decided he could live cheaply in Creignish Rear, harvest his woodlot, and make a good living and a

silent midwinter road. It was 24 lanterns in the darkness moving slowly up the mountain Sunday evening, each one a family returning from mass. It was the ripple and lilt of Gaelic, the language of the Garden of Eden.

Creignish Rear was the ring of the axe in hard maple, the puffs of steam from the horse’s nostrils, the weary muscles in back and arms at the end of the day. It was working several days on the roads to meet your property taxes. It was the mixture of purpose and devilment on the faces of 10 grades together in a one-room school. It was the sharp sweet burst of juice when you bit into an apple from Hugh Cameron’s orchard on a keen October day.

It was eerie Celtic legends under the soft lamplight, manic and mournful tunes from the fiddles: *Cailleach liath Ratharsair*, “The Grey Old Lady of Raasay”; *Null Thar nan Eileanum*, “Over The Isles to America”; *Cha Till mi Tuille*, “Nevermore Shall I Return.” It was nights of stepdancing and moonshine, when you rejoiced till your homespun shirt was soaked in sweat. You went outside and saw the stars whirling in the coal-black sky, and though you had intended to go home that night, you opened your eyes in the morning and found yourself still in Sandy John Peter’s kitchen.

Creignish Rear was Syrian peddlars, and neighbors who could make butter firkins and fish quintals and wagon wheels. And, walking up the mountainside after mass, it was the shyness of her smile, the sparkle in her eye, that said without words that when the farm passed to you she would be there to bake the bannock, paper the walls and gather the eggs. Your heart would overflow, those nights in the big bed, and she would give you sons, and later, when you had both grown old, those sons would let you live out your days in the peace earned through a lifetime of labor and laughter.

It is hard to catch the shadows, to meet the people who are gone. But they were as real in their time and place as you are now. They worked and fought and loved and suffered; they helped their neighbors, scolded their children, split their wood, argued politics, prayed and trusted and confessed and died. Farm after farm after farm, they built a place for their children and their children’s children, forever.

Joe O’Brien gazes over the forested hills below the General Line. His family lived in the abandoned house behind us until 1964.

“It kind of hurts,” says Joe, “to think of all that manual labor—and the trees are just growing back.” ☒



KEITH MACINNIS

Alyre Petrie: Creignish Rear’s hope for a future

rear end to get the bad taste out of its mouth.”

In such a small community, everyone is famous for something. Donald MacNeil was a bard, a maker of Gaelic songs. Shimon Angus MacDonald married three times, and applied for the old-age pension when he came down to church in Creignish to baptize the last of his 24 children. Lauchie MacKinnon was an excellent Gaelic singer, the leader of the music at milling frolics. Hughie D. MacInnis, Dougald MacDonald and Hughie Archie MacDougal were fiddlers. Dan MacMaster was famous for his hospitality. He wouldn’t let you pass his gate without coming in for a cup of tea, a meal, food and water for your horses.

But their life had its hazards and tragedies. Dan MacMaster noticed one day that there had been no sign of life at John MacLean’s house for three winter days. He broke down the door and found MacLean dead, frozen stiff as a plank. In the barn, the horse was so hungry he was chewing the boards of his stall. Disease was a fearful

good life. He moved back. Five years later he built a pale yellow bungalow on the mountain top, above the old house. Compact, energetic, fiercely independent, Alyre stands on his porch and surveys the sweeping view over the rippling hills down to the ocean, to Isle Madame and Canso, 60 miles away.

“If a fellow has anything of the country in him, I think he’d love to live in a place like this,” says Alyre, looking out over his mown fields, his new barn and his implements. “It’s peaceful and quiet, and today it’s no problem to get in and out. They keep the road up, and I’ve got a pickup, a tractor and a snowmobile. If one of those can’t make it through, the other will.”

If Creignish Rear has a future, Alyre represents it.

Creignish Rear was the smell of woodsmoke and new-mown hay, of the ripe cow barn and the hot kitchen where the blueberries were being boiled for jam. It was the sound of sleighbells and the crisp hiss of the runners in the hard deep snow of a



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# Music



JIM KANARY

## Stan Rogers: An Ontario boy sings of the sea

*He's made a reputation as a fine writer of songs about Maritime traditions and history. But he's still more popular in other places than he is on the east coast*

By Robert J. Mowat

**T**he breath-fogged windows of the Garden Street Café in Guelph, Ont., enclose a tightly cramped audience of 75. Suddenly, the house lights dim and, out of the darkness, Stan Rogers—followed by two accompanists—mounts a stage that looks like it's been salvaged from a shipwreck. *With half closed eyes against the sun To the warm wind giving thanks I dreamed of the days of the deep-ladened schooners Thrashing home from the Grand Banks The last lies done, in the harbor sun With her picture on a dime And I heard an old song down on Fisherman's Wharf Can I sing it just one time?*

Stan Rogers looks more like a seaman than a folksinger. He's a heavy-set six-footer with a leprechaun fringe of red beard outlining a round face and overshadowing the semicircle of red hair which highlights his bald head. The tiny gold stud in his left ear is almost invisible as he looks out into the audience with clear, blue, basset hound eyes.

This image of Stan Rogers, Mari-

time man of the sea, is inescapable, but the truth is that he was born in Hamilton, Ont., 31 years ago, that he was "discovered" at the Winnipeg Folk Festival in 1976, that he records in Ontario, and that his music is probably more popular in England than it is in Atlantic Canada. Despite that, the traditions of Canada's east coast are caked to his bones like sea salt.

Both his parents were born and raised in Nova Scotia and Rogers can trace his own origins all the way from a bastard son of Henry II through Sir Charles Tupper, the Nova Scotian Father of Confederation, to a neighborhood full of relatives still living in the province. If Stan hadn't been a month overdue at birth, in fact, he would have been born in Nova Scotia too. As it was, he spent boyhood summers at Canso, N.S., where he first became hooked on Maritime music.

When he was five, his uncle built him his first guitar out of Nova Scotia fir with brazing rods for frets and a carved up old toothbrush for tuning pegs. His uncles, who were local Canso troubadours, supplied music for family parties and are so much a part of his

own growing up that Rogers says simply: "I had to be a musician." But it was his mother's younger sister, his Aunt June, "who suggested that, as I was a Maritimer by blood, I should find out more about the history of the place and write about it."

That was seven years ago. *Feel her bow rise free of Mother Sea In a sunburst cloud of spray That stings the cheek while the rigging will speak Of sea miles gone away She is always best under full press Hard over as she'll lay And who will know the Bluenose in the sun?*

Today, countless compositions, four albums and 30,000 record sales later, Stan Rogers has become Canada's premier songwriter on Maritime themes. "Barrett's Privateers," one of his songs, is a folk classic, and John Allan Cameron calls "Make and Break Harbor," another Rogers composition, "a definitive statement on the little guy [that] accurately reflects things that have happened to the east coast fishermen." Paul Mills, producer of CBC radio's now defunct folk music program, *Touch the Earth*, says Rogers' music is "timeless," and Tam Kearney, operator of Fiddler's Green in Toronto, adds: "You know what the hell it is he's talking about; he's one of the few songwriters anywhere to bridge the gap between contemporary and traditional music completely."

Rogers' songs and his singing style—he has a rich, distinctive baritone that Denis Ryan of Ryan's Fancy says has "an unusual quality"—have won him a dedicated following among international folk aficionados. His albums are played regularly on the BBC's *Folk Weave* show and he often gets letters from such exotic places as Japan and Central Borneo asking for copies of his albums or offering assistance in getting his music played on local radio stations. "Rogers," John Allan Cameron says, "can go to almost any folk club in Canada and sell out. In Calgary and Edmonton, he's a hero and I think he's going to be a giant."

Ironically, Rogers sometimes has more trouble selling his Maritime music to Maritimers than he does to the rest of the world. East coast folk music fans, suggests Brookes Diamond, the co-ordinator of the annual Atlantic Folk Festival, are often "upset by Rogers' vision of Maritimers as 'fisher folk.'" Rogers himself is quick to admit that his songs "don't really sound like traditional Maritime music. What they sound like is a mid-Canadian or



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## Music

western Canadian's idea of what east coast music should sound like." But he is also quick to defend the music itself: "Being less emotionally involved, I've been able to write about the Maritime experience in a reasonably articulate fashion....And the effect I think I've had is that I've been able to explain to other Canadians what Maritimers are really like."

Rogers, of course, is not without a devoted Maritime following. His appearances at the Rebecca Cohn Theatre in Halifax, for example, are almost always sellouts. And Rogers' most satisfying performance was at St. Agnes Parish Church Hall in Little Dover, N.S. "I got to play a lot of the songs I wrote for the *Fogarty's Cove* album," he says with genuine pleasure, "to the people I wrote them about."

*Fogarty's Cove*, his first album, was a long time coming. Before Mitch Podolak, the organizer of the Winnipeg Folk Festival, created BarnSwallow Records in 1976 specifically to record Rogers' Maritime music, Rogers had stumbled through three failed record deals with major companies. For folk music aficionados, *Fogarty's Cove* was a treat; like sitting in front of a warm fire sipping hot rum while a winter storm rages outside. For Rogers himself, it was "an expression of pure joy...and relief at finally getting to do an album after waiting and wanting to for so long."

Today, Rogers has his own record company, *Fogarty's Cove Music* (Podolak dropped out after the first album), and music has become a family affair. His brother Garnet, whom Rogers introduces as both his friend and his brother, plays electric and acoustic guitar, violin and flute in his back-up band, and his mother, Valerie, serves as executive producer for his record company. After he recorded his second album, Rogers asked her to handle the distribution and mail orders for the 80 people who'd requested copies. But now the mailing list is over 1,000 and Valerie Rogers is a harried corporate executive with bills to pay and mountains of correspondence to answer. Although Rogers still jokingly calls the record company "a nickel-and-dime family outfit," he admits he sees it as his future security. "When I'm 45 or 50, I'm going to want to get off the road completely," he says. "I'd like to know there's something very solid there to derive an income from and the record company is it." While Rogers will undoubtedly continue to be his label's star attraction, the company is already

branching out with recordings by two other folk singers, Grit Laskin and Margaret Christl.

"Rogers' music shows him as a romantic," says Steve Darke of the Toronto Folklore Centre, "but his record company shows that he's a businessman." Adds Roland Kushner, Rogers' former manager: "Stan is intelligent enough to realize he can't be catapulted to stardom."

Sometimes, of course, Rogers gets frustrated by the lack of airplay his music gets on private radio stations (he is frequently heard on CBC radio). His failure to gain public acceptance outside the narrow folk music field is partly due to the fact that his record company doesn't have the money to flood radio stations with promotional copies of his records and partly because Rogers is still considered a regionally based entertainer.

He's trying to overcome both handicaps. His recent songs seemed to be designed for performing in concerts rather than at coffee houses and bars, and his fourth album, *Northwest Passage*, is an attempt to write about other parts of Canada with the same sincerity he previously used in approaching Maritime themes.

The Maritimes, of course, will remain important to both Rogers and his music, and he hopes that songs like "Barrett's Privateers," "Forty-Five Years," "Make and Break Harbor," and "The Jeannie C" will outlive him.

But at the Garden Street Café in Guelph, Stan Rogers isn't worrying about the future. He's re-creating the past, a Maritime past. His eyes are closed and he sings without accompaniment.

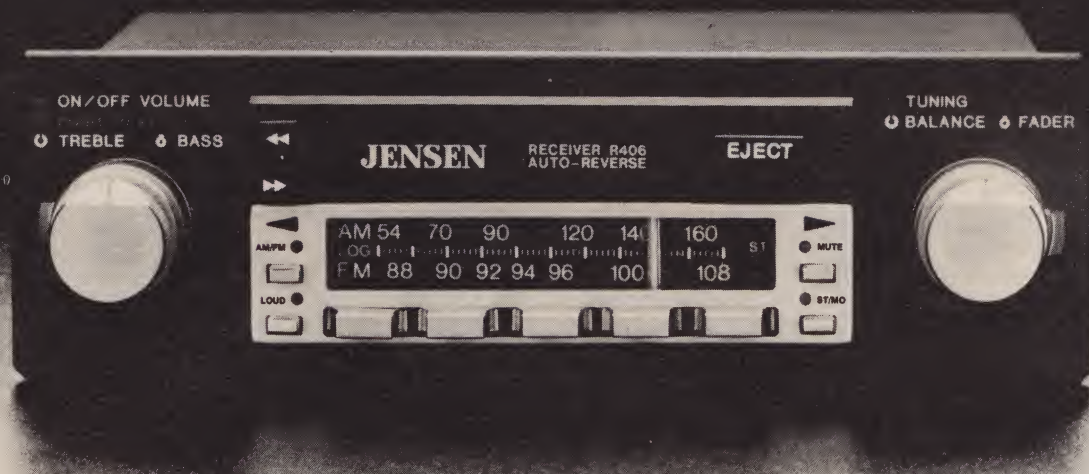
*Oh the year was 1778  
(How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!)  
A letter of marque came from the King  
To the scummiest vessel I've ever seen  
God Damn them all!  
I was told we'd cruise the seas for  
American gold  
We'd fire no guns! Shed no tears!  
But I'm a broken man on a  
Halifax pier  
The last of Barrett's Privateers.*

The words fill the tiny room. Up on the stage, Rogers is the seagoing man of the sea. A Maritimer. ☒

*Lyrics used by permission of Stan Rogers.*



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# Photography

## Early Canada didn't vanish. Rick Butler saved it

*His new book of pictures shows us how we lived in the old days*

**R**ick Butler was flipping through archival photographs when it hit him: Why not use old pictures to bring Canada's history to life? There were plenty of old pictures—three million in Ottawa's Public Archives alone—but too many were boring, posed studio photos. To find the candid shots he wanted, Butler eventually trekked across Canada twice, viewed 30 private and public collections and saw 500,000 pictures. The result is *Vanishing Canada*, a fascinating 203-picture account of everyday life in Canada from 1859 to the First World War "from the eyes of photographers who had a lot of heart."

It shows in their subjects: Anxious immigrants awaiting clearance in Saint John; child cotton-mill workers in Marysville, N.B.; young women down-

ing booze in Dawson. Although documenting the lives of ordinary folks is common today, it wasn't then. Most photographers stuck to their studios and snapped the kind of pictures Butler rejected. He sought out the work of photographers who "weren't interested in just photographing important people or buildings," who lugged around 8"x10" cameras, often on their own time and without pay, simply "for the love of photography." One photograph of builders at work on the four-masted Cutty Sark led, Butler says happily, to "the best find of all": Six thousand perfectly preserved glass negatives taken by Saint John photographer Isaac Erb (1846-1924).

An amateur photographer, the 34-year-old Toronto-born and Truro-raised Butler has already written several

other books, produced records—he did *Billy Bishop Goes to War* with Truro schoolmate John Gray—and has nearly finished a guidebook, *Where to Drink in Canada*, which "I was researching anyway," he says with a laugh. Three years ago, after teaching political science at universities in Halifax, St. John's and Ottawa, Butler resigned and, on "shaking knees," went into full-time freelancing.

Butler sticks to subjects that interest him like photography and history. In *Vanishing Canada*, that combination makes for a warm, multifaceted portrait of a young country. There are funny pictures, like a banquet in a Winnipeg sewer and a couple cuddling in the grass. But the photographic contrasts of the rich and poor can also be touching: A fancy living room alongside a one-room hovel in Toronto.

Yet the pictures also convey a sense of people having fun. They draw the reader into the action, which is what Butler wants. "History is part of your life," he says. *Vanishing Canada* tells it that way, and unlike many big picture books it's not designed for the coffee table. "It's meant to be in people's hands," Butler says. — Roma Senn



ISAAC ERB





GILBERT KEMPTON

A precious gallery of early Canadians: Opposite page, a ship carrying 1,300 British immigrants docks in Saint John in 1906. This page, clockwise from top, a prosperous middle class wedding, Liverpool, N.S., 1900; Saint John shoeshine boy, 1910; P.E.I. beach scene, 1890; mending torn sail, Digby, N.S., 1916



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# Special Report



## P.E.I.'s family farms: Down for the count?

*Agriculture is still the Island's most important industry. But the small family farms that were the backbone of the economy are disappearing. Why? Would you work 10 months a year for nothing?*

*By Martin Dorrell*

**R**onnie MacIntyre is a farmer. He grew up on the land. His parents raised nine kids on "the homeplace" at Mill Cove, P.E.I., and the land fed four generations of MacIntyres and city dwellers too. Now MacIntyre, 32, with two daughters and a wife who teaches school, may close the book on that chapter of his family's history. He's losing money, and if it continues, he'll lose his land. "Not everyone can farm and make money," he says unhappily. "Probably I'm one of them that can't make it. Good hell, I tried hard enough."

What stands in his way? Federal farm credit policies that encourage farmers to expand and become more specialized, leaving them at the mercy of a shifting marketplace and crippling interest rates. Tax incentives that

encourage them to incorporate for short-term advantages only to create problems in passing the land to their children later. A lack of any sure return on the investment. And urban voters who elect governments that make cheap food the top priority. They all work against Ronnie MacIntyre.

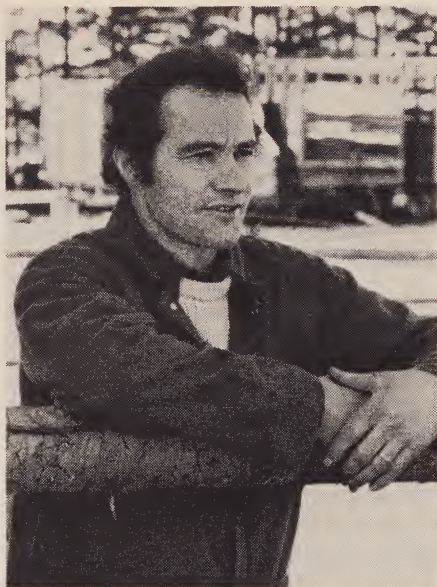
Since 1966, more than 150,000 Canadian family farms have disappeared. Today, 5% of Canada's farmers produce 20% of our food. Between 1971 and 1976 the number of farmers in P.E.I. dropped by more than 40% and 43,500 acres of agricultural land went out of production.

The pursuit of efficiency and the low-cost food it produces has created a dramatic 20-year shift to larger farming operations. That's left very little room for the Ronnie MacIntyres. "If you

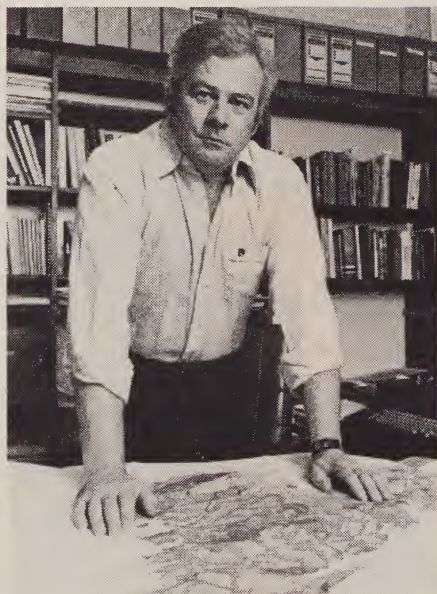
were to look at strictly the efficiency of food production, trying to produce X calories at the cheapest possible price, then for many sectors we'd be better off with Kraft or Irving," admits Ian MacQuarrie, a biologist, part-time farmer and former chairman of the provincial Land Use Commission. "But of course that's only one part of it. The idea of the family farm, the whole rural sociology, it seems to me, is as important as the food production itself."

Many farmers think so too. In 1978, the National Farmers Union surveyed land use in the Kensington area. Local farmers told them that school consolidation and the growth of large, corporate farms were the two basic threats to their way of life. More than 60% reported that their land had been farmed by their great-grandparents and, although most wanted their children to farm, a surprising 21.5% felt it would be unwise to encourage them. Most estimated the price of farmland in the area had doubled in a decade, while rental rates had tripled, and they blamed large farm corporations and processors who could afford to outbid the family farmer. Particularly worrisome to potato producers is the takeover last year of C.M. McLean's processing plant at New Annan, near Kensington. The plant, now operated by Irving interests, is the largest





Easter: Farmers no better off



MacQuarrie: Programs in a vacuum



MacIntyre: "Good hell, I tried "

processing facility in the province and many producers says its leasing and purchasing of agricultural land poses the greatest threat to their future.

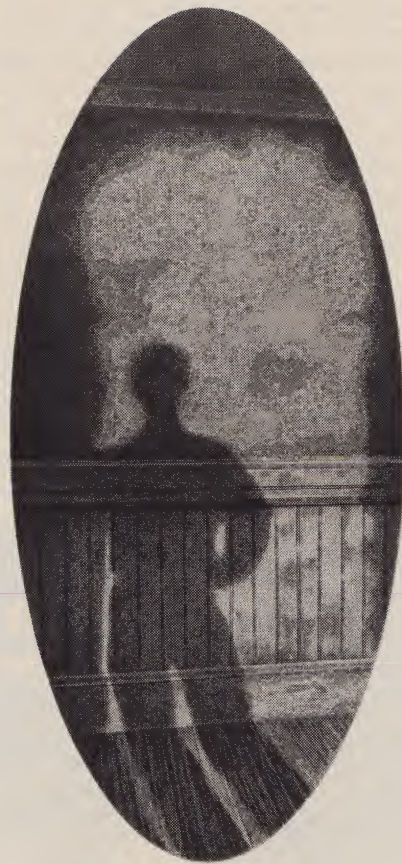
MacIntyre remembers a very different life in Mill Cove only 20 years ago. From the bridge at Corran Ban to the railway tracks at Bedford, roughly four miles away, there were at least 30 farms. Today, there are six. Much of the land has been consolidated and the rest has reverted to scrub and budworm-infested spruce. The well-kept houses and barns look prosperous: But the barns are empty, the land rented or sold and the jobs are in the city. "It's not," MacQuarrie says, "what I think of as a high-quality rural environment."

MacIntyre's grandfather divided his "homeplace" into three 100-acre sections for his three sons. His father farmed one of those, bought and rented land in the vicinity and worked part-time off the farm. He's retired now, and earns more money from some shorefront property he is subdividing than he ever made as a farmer.

Ronnie MacIntyre had modest expectations when he took over the operation 10 years ago. "I didn't want to farm to get rich. I always thought, well, if you can get a bite to eat and pay your bills, what the hell? You can't take it with you. I didn't mind the hard work." He tried growing potatoes. "The first year I started, I grew about 15 or 20 acres. That year potatoes were bad. I lost \$300. That's counting nothing for my time or anything. The next year, I lost \$400. That was a lot of money then. So I said, that's good enough for me. I'm not growing any more potatoes or I'll be on the road." He took a job as a bricklayer's assistant, but he wasn't happy. "I had a farm at home, so I built a new barn, filled it with sows. Lost money ever since."

MacIntyre built the barn with the help of a few neighbors and financed it with a government grant—"big bucks to make little bucks" he calls it. He keeps only 40 sows and calculates he would need at least 60 to pay for the barn. His investment in equipment, by present-day standards, is small. He has two tractors, one so old it's not worth selling, and another he's had for six years and can't afford to replace. If he bought a new, large tractor to cultivate more land, he'd have to buy new equipment to go with it. His combine is 20 years old but a new one would cost more than his house. He's never bothered to estimate his hourly wage. "I wouldn't want to do it because I think it would be awfully disappointing."

Agriculture is still the Island's basic industry and the provincial government



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has invested in it. Staff in the Department of Agriculture and Forestry increased from 141 to 215 and the budget rose from \$1.5 million to \$12.5 million between 1970 and 1980. Grants for new and experienced farmers, rare a generation ago, are now commonplace. But none of those expenditures has solved the problem. Wayne Easter, the national vice-president of the National Farmers Union, says the grants haven't helped. "We've got a little fancier farms, a lot of people have a higher debt load, but in actual returns, the farmer's no better off."

and a lot of ambition,' and he seems like somebody worth helping. There's a temptation to write him up and send him out. I don't know whether that's exactly consistent with an agricultural policy or not. It seems to be a kind of vague humanism." Adds Allan Parker, the chairman of the Island section of the Atlantic Provinces Chamber of Commerce, agrees. "These grants systems take an awful lot of people to administer," he complains. Many government programs, Ian MacQuarrie adds, operate in a vacuum without clear objectives. "Do you want 2,500 farmers, do you want 5,000 or do you want 500? Do we want more potatoes or less?" The questions go unanswered.

agricultural bureaucracy. Gallant (not his real name) was a city kid who wanted to farm. He worked on a farm for a year, took a two-year course at an agricultural college, another year-long farm-related course to cover some gaps in his education, and then began working on an Island farm to gain local experience. When he'd found 100 acres of land at a reasonable price, Gallant approached the Agriculture Department for a new farmer's grant. "I got into a catch-22 situation," he says. "They figured that it would be too difficult for me to get into the thing full-time because I didn't have enough capital to start off with and I didn't have enough expertise. So, therefore, I'd [also] have to work off the farm."

## A woman with short brown hair is seated at a light-colored desk, looking at an HP 250 computer system. She is wearing a patterned vest over a light-colored blouse. The computer setup includes a CRT monitor on a swivel base, a keyboard, and a software box labeled 'HP 250' and 'Quick Reference'. Several documents are on the desk. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.





But, because I'd have to work off the farm, they wouldn't give me the full \$25,000."

Gallant approached the Land Development Corporation, a provincial agency which buys farmland and leases it back to farmers, giving them an option to purchase it five years later at the original price. They insisted he invest \$20,000 of his own cash—about 10% or 15% of the total cost of the operation. The dream began to fall apart. "You've got a fellow from the city. He's got to work on farms at low wages for practical experience, he's got to go to agricultural college to get the technical experience, but he's got to have \$20,000 cash." He finally tried the P.E.I. Lending Authority, which refused to consider his request for a loan. "Every bureaucrat refers you to another bureaucrat. One agency refers you to

another agency."

Today, Gallant is both relieved and bitter. "I was just shattered when it fell through because it was all I'd thought of and breathed for the last few years. But there's a lot of farmers going out of business nowadays and I don't know what my chances really would have been."

The absence of a clear agricultural policy, the trend toward larger specialized operations, soaring energy and fertilizer costs, high interest rates, the erratic demands of the marketplace, the flight of people and services from the countryside all point to the need for changing the way we think about farming. Is a large operation efficient if it demands more fuel energy than the energy it produces? Is a cheap food policy an economic proposition when

you count in the social costs? Does it make sense for P.E.I. to export potatoes around the world, yet import a tremendous range of foodstuffs that could be grown at home? "I think the search for alternatives—for more diversified operations, for smaller farms, for some forms of organic farming, for a mix of agriculture, forestry and woodlot management—I think these are the things that are well worth pursuing," Ian MacQuarrie suggests. But one answer that isn't working, Allan Parker says, is the very large farm. "I think the experiment towards large farming operations is one that has been done in many countries at many different times. And the history of that kind of thing has always been failure."

MacQuarrie says the potential of part-time farming has been overlooked.

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## ★★Special Report★★

"It's almost looked on now like part-time prostitution," he complains. He sees it as one attractive alternative, offering a reasonable return on a satisfying way of life. "But governments in general have neglected this, either benignly or malevolently. The idea of the bona fide [full-time] farmer in P.E.I. is something that came here in the late Sixties, early Seventies. It's an aberration. It's not part of our historical context at all. It's a particular model that people tried with some success, given the conditions of the time. I suspect it's not necessarily the best model for the Eighties." But the NFU's Wayne Easter thinks it is. "The agriculture industry should provide the returns so that you can work at it full-time," he says. "That's the only way you maintain your high interest and your high expertise in the industry and also maintain a strong rural community."

**I**f there is any common ground among farm groups, it's the conviction that too much time has been spent "educating" the farmer and not enough spent informing the consumer. "I think that most people who are not on the farm don't understand much about it," MacQuarrie says. "That's true even here on the Island where you're never more than a mile from a cow. I know all kinds of people in Charlottetown who are just abysmally ignorant—invincibly ignorant, as the Jesuits used to say—about farming."

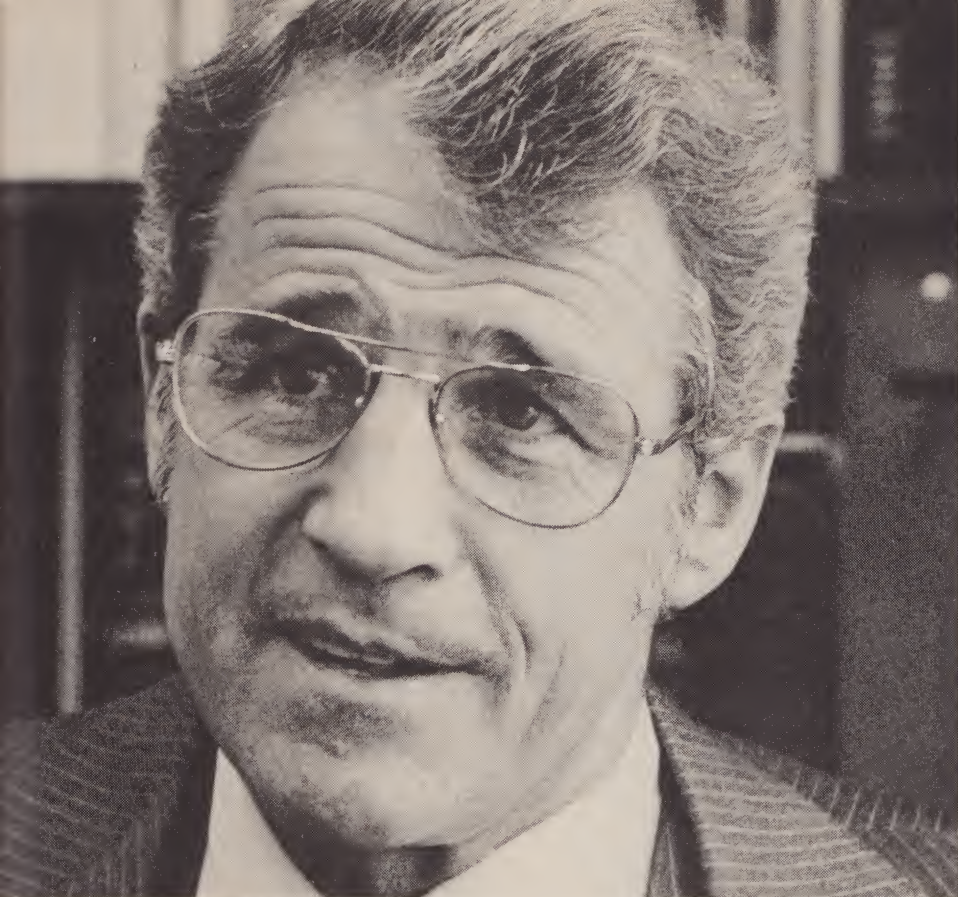
"Even though the farmer may only represent 6% of the population of Canada," Parker says, "he is an essential service. And government, if it's going to be responsible to the people of the country, has to make sure he can stay in business to keep feeding people."

Meanwhile, Ronnie MacIntyre prepares to work the land for another season and worries about how many seasons he has left. "Would you work 10 months for nothing? Every day? And have a nice bill slapped in your face at the end of the year?"

He's considered parcelling some of his roadside land into housing lots. "But if you start that, pretty soon you'll have this little patch in the middle and all the neighbors are complaining it doesn't smell good around here today."

And he's thought about selling off a parcel of land to put himself on a more secure footing, but "to me," he says, "that's like cutting off half your fingers and saying 'maybe they'll grow back.'"





Al Bleuler, Account Executive, Vancouver.

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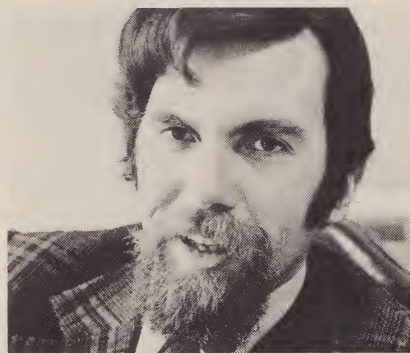
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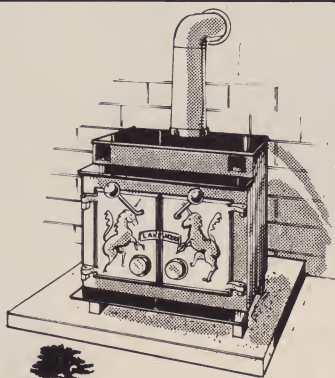
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## Fisheries

# Fishing's growth limits

*If the fishery is to be profitable, the era of unregulated growth will have to end. That means getting tough with the multinationals to make sure that those profits stay in Atlantic Canada*

**T**here are only so many fish in the sea. Fishermen around the world have learned this; multinational fishing and processing firms in Atlantic Canada apparently have not. They're replacing their offshore trawlers with bigger, better-equipped vessels that will need more fish to be profitable and claiming they also need factory freezer trawlers which would require still more fish.

In the past, federal and provincial governments have paid a few large processing firms like National Sea Products hundreds of millions of dollars in subsidies, loans, incentives and guarantees, but, just in case Canada doesn't continue to play the game their way, they have also opened up back doors by establishing plants in countries like Uruguay, home of cheap labor and fierce government repression of trade unions.

In the October 1980 issue of *Atlantic Insight*, Kingsley Brown, in his article "The Fishery Is Not a Welfare System," charged that inshore fishermen were becoming too numerous. Although the numbers of inshore fishermen have increased in a few areas, the truth is that there has been no over-all increase. But inshore fishermen are no longer willing to subsist from a backbreaking combination of fishing, farming and logging while being forced to compete with large vessels for some inshore groundfish and herring stocks.

The real problem is unregulated growth of individual fishing operations. Provincial governments have obtained new licences and financed an enormous growth in the catching capacity of nearshore fleets while Ottawa has failed to impose any effective limit on their fishing power. Because fishermen can replace most vessels with boats up to 25% longer, and because there are no limits on width, carrying capacity, horsepower or most gear sizes, new 65-foot vessels can catch more fish than 120-footers built 20 years ago. At the same time, new technology is being developed that will gradually reduce the number of workers needed while increasing the amount of capital required by the industry. The problem was aggravated in the 1970s by in-

creased use of unselective gear such as otter trawls, cod traps, Danish seines and herring purse seines which usually scoop up large quantities of young fish. The result has been wastage of fish and, in some cases, the collapse of major fisheries.

In the past three years, we increased Canadian fish landings as we chased off foreign fleets, but continued growth won't be possible because too much money already has been invested in vessels of all sizes. Fishing can continue to be profitable—but only if some fishermen are forced out of the industry. The most likely victims will be the more poorly equipped, less mobile vessels under 50 feet.

But the answer is not to equip every inshoreman with a 50-foot, fibreglass, fully automatic, multipurpose vessel, as some provincial governments seem to believe. That would just exaggerate the overinvestment problem. We need more courageous solutions.

First, we need effective limits on competition. That means controls on vessel width, capacity, horsepower and gear size and, in some fisheries, boat quotas. Where there clearly are too many vessels or dangerously unselective gear, the government should start buyback programs. Fishermen could sell licences back to the government as they retire vessels. A start could be made with large herring seiners, which fish inshore waters. And some older offshore trawlers now fish inshore waters, where smaller vessels can do a better job. Steps should be taken to ensure that offshore trawlers become independently owned and operated. Processors who own their own boats have an unfair advantage over independent fishermen, who must sell fish to the processors.

The giant processing firms are committed to a philosophy of growth that threatens both fish stocks and the survival of the inshore fishery. The benefits of this growth go to a few large shareholders. Our inshore fishery, on the other hand, ensures the broadest sharing of the benefits of the Atlantic fishing industry. These benefits should stay in the Atlantic region. The choice is ours.

— Martin Ahrens



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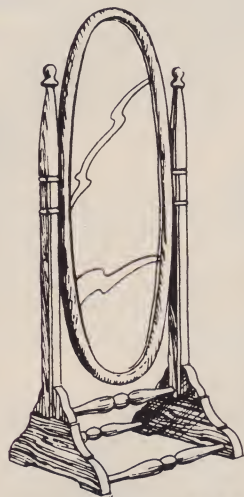
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## Harry Bruce's column

# Confessions of a convert to pure Scottish schmaltz

**M**y family name has resounded through Scottish history for seven centuries, but Scotland never fascinated me. During the whole year that I spent in London as a college boy, I didn't take one train up there to see the lochs, burns, scars, scroggies, and wee lassies. I dismissed Scotland as the grey northern home of a penny-squeezing, pinch-faced people, of second-rate castles in a second-rate culture. Naturally, when university closed in spring, I turned my back on Scotland. I plunged instead into Denmark, Switzerland, Germany, the perfume of romance in Paris, and the hot, elegant decadence of Rome.

During the next quarter-century, my indifference to Scotland actually turned to distaste. As a junior reporter for *The Ottawa Journal*, it was my boring duty to cover maudlin Burns Suppers where tears burst from the eyes of ruddy, chubby, Canadian bureaucrats who discovered once a year that they were born-again Highlanders. On the way to these banquets, I imagined, each one had ducked into a telephone booth, stripped off his flannel suit, and emerged in kilt, velvet tunic, silver buttons, lace at the throat, sporran, buckles, scarlet garter tabs, and knee-high socks with bejewelled dirk. Is it a bird? Is it a plane? No, it's MacSuperman!

These weren't "professional Scots." They were enthusiastic, amateur, colonial, *imitation* Scots and, with the quick intolerance of most young reporters of my time, I lumped them with Shriners, Knights of Columbus and other buffoons who paraded around town in silly costumes. As someone who'd majored in *English* literature, I thought Burns's verse was sentimental doggerel in a bastard language. As someone with a normal palate, I thought haggis was boring at best, disgusting at worst. As someone who believed in being Canadian first, last and always, it was enough to know that my paternal forbears went back to a certain James Bruce who'd settled in Guysborough County, N.S., in the 1780s. What part of Scotland he'd once called home was of no more interest to me than the recent and utterly useless news that my clan chief,



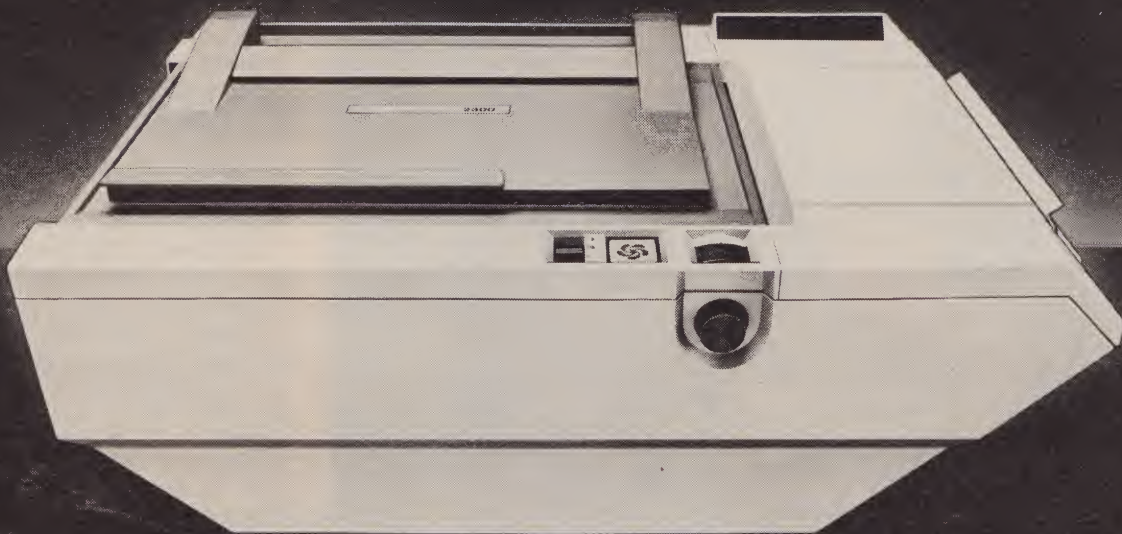
Lord Elgin, possesses two of Robert the Bruce's teeth.

I learned about the teeth in a press release from the British Tourist Authority which, along with British Airways, had suddenly invited me to join a gang of travel writers during a five-day junket to Edinburgh and Glasgow. The BTA, you see, had proclaimed 1981 "The Year of the Scot." Moreover, this year it's Scotland's turn to hold the International Gathering of the Clans. (Nova Scotia, you'll remember, had its turn in '79, and will doubtless have another in '83.) The idea is to get people of Scottish descent to come home from all over the world to look up roots and relatives, feel the auld sod under their feet and, quite incidentally of course, pump zillions into the auld sod's economy.

To help make all this happen, Gathering promoters invited us press to the opening event of the 1981 program: The International Burns Supper on a Saturday night in dear old Glasgow town. It was in the City Chambers, a gloriously pretentious Victorian edifice, lined with acres of marble in patterns of swirling caramel and cream. The whole adventure was free, and as proof there's a trace of Scottish blood in my veins after all, I offer the fact that I cannot remember ever having turned down a free airline ticket to anywhere. (The other proof is that despite my earlier reservations about Scottish culture, I've always had an embarrassing reaction to any good bagpipe band. I have to hide my tears.)



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## Harry Bruce

I suppose you've already guessed what happened. Yes, it was wonderful! Five days of seeing Scotland wiped out every sour misapprehension that I'd nursed during a lifetime of *not* seeing Scotland. From the moment I left Prestwick airport, I had the classic Brigadoon reaction. *Haven't I been in this misty countryside before? In another life perhaps?* Nowhere outside Canada have I felt so thoroughly at home as I did in Scotland.

I won't forget the silver-grey light over glowing moors on a late afternoon; the fierce steely beauty of the wind-whipped Firth of Clyde; the castles, cottages, croftlands, country lanes and mellow stone fences; the brooks, the tythe barns and bonny, sheep-rich braes; the wit of Glasgow people and the risible lilt of their voices; and Edinburgh, sweet Edinburgh, easily the finest small city I've ever explored. I didn't even get up to the Highlands but, nevertheless, I fell for Scotland so hard that, like a Lothario who has at last found the girl he desperately wants to marry, I wondered why I had ever squandered affection on the likes of Greece, Portugal, Barbados, California, Indonesia, Hawaii.

Scotland even taught me to like Robert Burns. "He was a poet and patriot of the first standard," Lord Birsay, a beloved judge, declared in thundering Scottish syllables at the International Burns Supper. "Without Burns our language would have died, and our culture with it." Without Burns, I'd never have made it to Glasgow. What a night! "The Germans don't get stinko on Goethe's birthday," someone proudly observed. "The English don't have a Keats Carry-on." Lord Elgin, my chief, led more than 400 of us in a strange series of toasts. And there was I, the unabashed convert to Scotland the brave, standing on a table with my whisky on high, wearing a Bruce kilt, velvet tunic, silver buttons, lace at the throat, sporran, buckles, scarlet garter tabs, and knee-high socks with bejewelled dirk. MacSuperman himself!

I'm going back. I'm going back in August, and most of my family's coming with me. If further proof of my new-found love of Scotland were needed, it's that this time I'm actually paying my own way. Or most of it anyway. I mean we may try to sponge off Lord and Lady Elgin for a couple of days. Family roots, you know. Anyway, the chief promised he'd show me two fascinating objects: Teeth that actually grew in the mouth of the Bruce who demolished the English at Bannockburn a mere 667 years ago. ☒

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## Profile

# Jack Cunningham keeps auction crowds roaring

*At 77, he's learned the perfect blend of sincerity, sarcasm—and selling. The bidders love it*

**J**ack Cunningham of New Glasgow, N.S., is a lucky businessman. For 38 years he's been abusing customers and not only getting away with it but making them love it. An old-time, self-taught country auctioneer, Cunningham knows that there's nothing a sale crowd likes better than a good cussing.

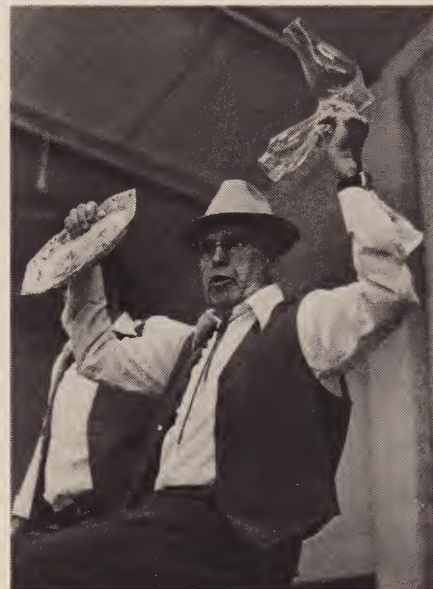
"WHOOSH!" he yells, hushing a chatty threesome. "Don't scratch!" he tells a fidgety lady. "Here's some chairs. Chicken coop, I'd call them. The first one who opens his yap gets them." Later, listening to an audiotape someone's made of a sale, he says, "My God, I'm belligerent."

But auction-goers wouldn't have it any other way. They also know that one of Cunningham's favorite targets

is himself. Dangling a pair of baby booties, he says, "It's not true that you get less supple as you get older. At this age I used to have trouble sucking my toes. Now I put my foot in my mouth every day."

Cunningham, 77, was born in Avondale, N.S. His style is a throwback to the days when country auctions were community festivals, and an auctioneer had to be both vaudeville comedian and snappy salesman. He remembers selling little family farms lock, stock and rain barrel. "I knew it was an old couple's only pay day. I knew my work was beyond the prize." Today, though, the traditional family farm is almost extinct and he gets bungalows and bone china.

Cunningham figures he's sold everything but a mule. "I never sold a mule. I sold goats, though. And an airplane." Also the Atlantic Winter Fair Grand Champion steer, a hefty 1,095-pound Hereford knocked down for \$16.25 a pound. Though that 1968 sale set what



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was then a Canadian record, it gave Cunningham a few anxious moments. When Dominion Stores won the steer, David Sobey of the Sobey's super-market chain complained, "Jack, you cut me off."

"I thought you were all drunk," Cunningham told him.

The lofty price levels of the Winter Fair sales Cunningham auctioned from 1963 to 1974 were a long way from 1926 to 1940 when, after riding a harvest train west, he raised grain and beef cattle near Prince Albert, Sask., in the dustbowl depression. Wheat sold for 18¢ a bushel, banks were foreclosing on everyone, and granaries were crammed while Europe starved. "If you weren't a Red," says Cunningham of Prairie farmers then, "you were at least deep pink."

Cunningham, with his wife and four children, came to Pictou County and a job in the Trenton steelworks. He won a Maritimes-wide competition to go to an Illinois auction school but his company wouldn't give him time off. He didn't really need schooling. He became an expert in Ayrshire and shorthorn pedigrees, as well as Clydesdale draught horses, and one notable day in Truro sold 3,000 head of feeder cattle between noon and 11 p.m.

In 1974, Cunningham, feeling weak from a case of the flu, collapsed midway

through a sale. He spotted a young antiques addict named Donald Pidgeon in the crowd, asked him to take over and they've been partners ever since. Their auctioneering styles complement and contrast with each other—Pidgeon's bold and ribald, Cunningham's sly and witty, his chimpanzee grin taking the sting out of his jibes.

In winter, Cunningham and his wife hibernate, reading together through the long evenings. "We may not say two or three words all that time but we communicate. In the fall I feel like retiring. Then during the winter I get so lonely for a damn auction. To see my friends again."

**C**unningham's father, Robert, was an auctioneer. And his grandson Robbie, 15, helps out at sales. Like his grandfather, the handsome red-haired youngster may have the good auctioneer's three essential qualities: A mountain climber's sure hands, a fish hawk's eyes, and foghorn vocal cords.

Cunningham's often eloquent, too. At a benefit auction for the 4-H Club, he began, "Now we all know about the pulp company clear-cutting and the aerial spraying and how good farmland's getting used up. I'll ask you to be generous because the 4-H member of today is the farmer of tomorrow, and these young men and women here are

the ones who'll plow the hillsides and harrow in the valleys." When an elderly consigner is rushed to hospital the day of her sale, Cunningham tells the crowd, "She's not in very good shape. I'm not bidding for your sympathy. She's been down into the valley many times in my memory and she's always gone up again. We all hope she does now." It sounds sincere because it is sincere.

Cunningham fishes trout, makes honey, collects books and once kept a pet skunk named Flower in his basement. He has his Irish ancestors' gift for sarcasm.


"Now here's a candlestick," he tells an auction crowd. "And it's black. As any fool can plainly see." He drapes a fox stole around his neck. "Here's a little fella that would look a lot nicer running in the woods." Spotting a gang of five camped precariously on a bed about to be sold, he bellows, "Four women in a bed and one man is *indecent*."

Cunningham keeps the crowd roaring—and bidding. "One time in Isaac's Harbour down in Guysborough County," he says, "they called the sale into a room and the floor fell in. There wasn't a soul spoke—they just kept holding their fingers up through the cracks of the floor and bidding."

— Fraser Sutherland

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- April 6, 7, 8  
Employment Interviewing  
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- April 8, 15, 22, 29  
Stepping Up to Supervisor  
Port Hawkesbury
- April 23  
Managing in a Stressful Environment  
Halifax
- April 23, 24  
Assertive Management  
Moncton
- April 27, 28, 29  
Bargaining Power  
Halifax
- April 28, 29  
Writing Effective Letters and Reports  
St. John's
- April 28, 29, 30  
Professional Development for Secretaries  
Halifax
- April 28, 29, 30  
Advanced Paperwork Systems  
Halifax
- April 30, May 1  
Performance Appraisal  
St. John's
- May 6, 7, 8  
Job Description and Evaluation  
Halifax
- May 12, 13, 14  
Employment Interviewing  
St. John's
- May 20  
Alcohol and Drugs in the Work Place  
Halifax
- May 20, 21  
Communications Skills Workshop  
St. John's
- May 21, 22  
Managing Management Time  
Charlottetown
- May 25, 26  
Organizational Performance  
Improvement  
Halifax
- June 1, 2, 3  
Work Improvement Methods in the Hospital  
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## Business



DICK GREEN

**Hamilton, right, offers fishermen tax tips**

## I've the b'y that does the books

*Howie Hamilton is building a  
booming business specializing in  
preparing fishermen's tax returns*

**I** don't want monuments, but I do want to be known as the guy who brought them into the Eighties." That's modest, mild-mannered Howie Hamilton, certified general accountant, talking about his new mission in life: Helping fishermen beat the tax man. Two years ago, when he was 35, Hamilton quit his job as comptroller for a major Newfoundland fish processor, gave up the company house and the company car, borrowed \$10,000 from a bank and incorporated Fishermen's Management Services. Then he went looking for business.

He travelled 50,000 miles in seven months, knocking on doors to talk fishermen into becoming his clients. But fishermen don't have financial consultants. Their wives keep the books. That year Hamilton hardly ever saw his own wife and two children and exhausted, nearly quit. But steamroller stubborn, he kept at it. "When someone tells me I can't do something, I get mad," he says. "And I do it."

The second year was better. He graduated from his home basement office to a modern suite in centrally located Gander, hired three people to handle his growing clientele, close to 500 at last count. "I had a job before. I've got a cause now," he says.

Most of Hamilton's clients are longliner fishermen. Before Canada declared the 200-mile limit, nobody bothered much whether or not fishermen paid taxes since most were just scraping by. Many never filed a return. But starting in 1979, the tax man has kept a steady eye trained on the fishing industry. Fishermen were not prepared. Systematic audits over the next few years will send nearly every longliner skipper in the country scrambling for records four and five years back. It's a taxpayer's nightmare. In Newfoundland, Revenue Canada has already seized several bank accounts and collected part of fishermen's pay directly from buyers in its drive to recover unpaid taxes.

"It's the depreciation that kills them," Hamilton says. "They all know they can write off expenses, but they don't know how to calculate a proper capital cost allowance. So they write off everything, pay no tax for several years, and then get hit with a tax bill for \$20,000 or \$30,000."

Hamilton's big beef with Revenue Canada is that auditors do not always inform fishermen of their right to appeal an audit decision. But for their own mistakes, he says, fishermen have only their lack of education to blame. So Hamilton and partner John Mackey are giving tax seminars to fishermen, in a program sponsored by the provincial College of Fisheries and the Newfoundland Institute for Management Advancement and Training. "I'm telling the tax people, forget the past," Hamilton says. "Let us teach these courses and then in the future, fishermen won't have any excuses."

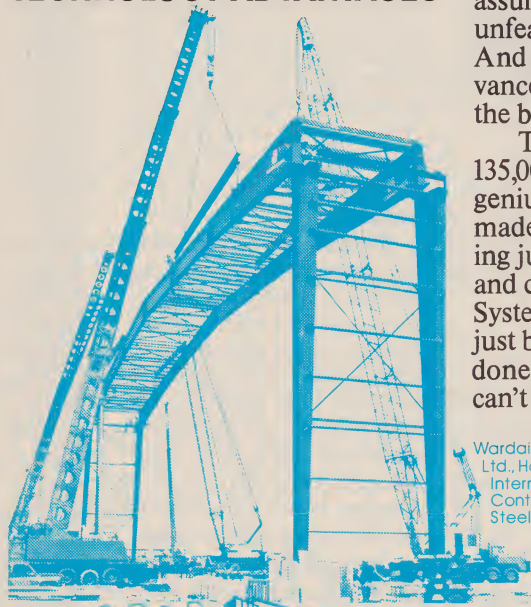
The tax man won't forget the past, but the two-day seminars are a booming success. Nine held last year on an experimental basis drew 140 people. This winter, between October and February, Hamilton and Mackey gave nearly 30 courses from Admiral's Beach



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## Business

to Anchor Point. "They all knew someone who had got nailed," Hamilton says. The Newfoundland Fishermen, Food and Allied Workers Union supports the program by paying \$10 of the \$25 fee. The biggest complaint from fishermen is that two days isn't long enough.

But tax seminars won't go on forever. Hamilton's real business is his clients. For \$175 to \$350 a year, depending on the size of his boat (most accountants charge by the hour), Fishermen's Management Services will do a fishermen's book-keeping, file his tax return, fight his audit and advise on things like marine insurance and boat-buying. "A prominent lawyer told us to charge 10% of whatever we saved them in taxes," Hamilton says. "If we did that, we would have made a million dollars last year." He's confident the business will pay eventually. "We know of \$9 million we saved in 1980," Mackey adds. "That's money that stayed in this province that would have gone to Ottawa."

There's an evangelical side to the way these two go about their work. Mackey's a former Roman Catholic priest and he helped set up rural development associations around Newfoundland. "My father left the fishery 50 years ago because there was no money in it and came to work at the paper mill in Grand Falls. I've always wanted social change for fishermen," Mackey says. He tried politics, but found it "too long term." Last year Hamilton came along, liked his background in management training and talked him out of a comfortable university job in St. John's. Mackey says, "If we can help fishermen stand up for their rights and obligations, I think that's important."

Besides making a living for himself, Hamilton figures he's doing something for fishermen's self-image. "I say to them 'Forget the poor fishermen stuff. You're a businessman. Any guy who's got a \$70,000 investment and knows how to make it work is not stupid.' Next time I'm there I hear, 'I've got an accountant working for me.' We're just awakening a sleeping giant," Hamilton says. "That's what I say to them 'You're a giant.'"

His company could be a sleeping giant itself. When he gets 1,000 clients, he'll get a computer, and then, Hamilton says, he can handle 15,000 fishermen. Now that he's proved management services for fishermen is an idea whose time has come, he's not afraid of competition. "They can try," he says. "But they'll have to travel 50,000 miles to beat me."

— Amy Zierler

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## Literature

# New Brunswick's 22-million-word man

*Prolific author Dan Ross says he's happiest when he's writing. That's why, after 20 years and 300 books, he's still at it*

**D**an Ross, who writes books faster than many people read them, sat down on a sofa in a soundproof, nine-foot-square room in the basement of his white birch-shaded home in East Riverside, N.B., the Nob Hill of Saint John. He had eaten breakfast and looked at the morning's mail. It was 11 o'clock. Time to go to work. He placed a portable typewriter on his knees, inserted a sheet of paper and began writing his 300th novel.

Copies of novels No. 1 through No. 296 filled the shelves of an upstairs closet. Novels No. 297, No. 298 and No. 299 were still with the publishers, being typeset, printed and bound. By the end of the month, two of them would be on newsstand paperback racks throughout North America. The third would soon follow. And hundreds of thousands of readers would be waiting to buy them.

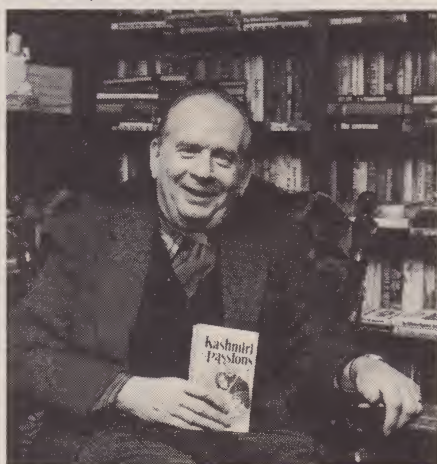
In Canada, a book that sells 5,000 copies is rated a best seller. Even in the United States, with its enormous population, most novels sell only 1,600 copies. Sales of Dan Ross's latest title are virtually certain to reach 750,000. To most writers that would be like swinging the hammer hard enough to ring the big bell and win a cigar. To Dan Ross, it's "just about average." His most popular work sold two million. Considering his sales and his rate of production, it is safe to say that this New Brunswick author has sold more books than all the other Canadian novelists put together.

An astonishing performance, and most astonishing of all, he didn't begin to write fiction until he was 49 years old. Others have written more books (England's John Creasey with more than 400 and Belgium's Georges Simenon with 500 odd), but they started much earlier. Almost all writers began to write in early adolescence in an attempt to retain the child's sense of being the centre of the cosmos. Ross, on the other hand, was motivated by sheer economic necessity.

Television had killed his film rental agency. "I was not only unemployed," he says today. "I discovered that in our society a middle-aged man is unemployable." Taking stock of his resources, he remembered the plays he had written in earlier days when he ran

his own touring theatre company. Since this was in the 1950s, before the Canada Council came along to fund theatres, he had no hope of earning any money by writing plays, so he decided to try his hand at fiction. "The first year I earned \$500," he recalls. It wasn't long, however, before he was earning enough to put food on the table and keep a roof over his head by writing short-short stories, "1,000-word pieces with trick endings," for the *New York Daily News*.

Then the bottom dropped out of the short story market. So, in 1969, he wrote his first novel, *Summer Season*, based on his experiences in summer stock. (Still a fervent theatre buff, he



The secret? Seven 10½-hour days a week

sees as many new plays as possible during his periodic visits to New York, where he sees his publishers and rubs shoulders with people like Isaac Asimov. He thinks that most of the current crop of plays are "dull, dull.")

Three hundred titles in 20 years works out to more than a book a month; and some of the books have run to 90,000 words. Once, when a publisher wanted to break into the Australian market and realized at the last minute that none of the books on his list was set in Australia, he telephoned Dan Ross on a Friday and by Tuesday there was a manuscript on his desk in New York, a novel about a nurse in the outback that Dan Ross had written in three days.

The secret of his productivity? "I work 10½ hours a day, seven days a week." Many writers have turned out

3,000 words in a day, as Ross does. The difference between them and Ross is that he does it day after day. "I'm happiest when I'm working," he explains simply.

Dan Ross presents an unhurried and unharried face to the world, despite being a man of many books and many identities. Most of the identities are female, since readers of Gothics and suspense-romances prefer women authors. He is Marilyn Ross and Clarissa Ross; and, in the past, he has been Jane Daniels, Jane Rossiter, Ruth Dorset, Leslie Ames, Ellen Randolph, Rose Dana and Rose Williams. Once or twice, in the early days, on the cover of a novel set west of the Pecos or under the Tonto Rim, he has been Tex Steele.

He would happily revert to being Tex Steele tomorrow if there were a second coming of the western. "I'm in the business of supplying the commodity that people want," he says. "Gothics, suspense-romance, westerns, it's all one to me."

Still, he takes an old pro's pride in his craftsmanship and it's obvious he's pleased that his work has been the subject of an MA thesis and his papers are being preserved in the archives of a U.S. university.

Currently, the market demands suspense-romances. Novel No. 300 will fall into that category. "It's called *Beloved Adversary* and is set in Hollywood and London during the 1930s." So will novel No. 297, *Masquerade*, "an historical romance," novel No. 298, *Venetian Moon*, "another historical romance, this time dealing with what might have happened if Napoleon had escaped from St. Helena," and No. 299, *Only Make Believe*, "about Hollywood in the 1920s."

With so many of Dan Ross's fictional creations being men and women of mystery, it's appropriate that there are two Marilyn Rosses. Besides the mythical Marilyn Ross whose name appears on the covers of his books, there is the real Marilyn Ross, his wife, who goes through his manuscripts before he sends them away to make sure that he hasn't changed the heroine's name or the color of the heroine's eyes between Chapter 6 and Chapter 7.

It's easy to make that kind of mistake after you've written something like 22 million words.

— Alden Nowlan



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# Universities

## Thesis Agonistes

*Writing a thesis is the toughest task many graduate students ever undertake. Most panic, a few even commit suicide. But at Dalhousie, there's now a special course to help them overcome their anxieties*

**F**or many, it's a one-to-six-year ordeal that breeds anxiety, depression and self-doubt. David Surette, 29, found it bewildering. "I felt like I was in a cave with no exit." Paul Nau, 30, thought of giving up "many, many times, over and over again."

The source of their woes: The graduate thesis, a massive 100-300-page scholarly document that forces students to put years of graduate studies and research on the line in a final challenge, a last obstacle between them and their coveted PhD, MA or M.Sc. degree. That kind of pressure often generates formidable stress and mental anguish for students. Nau, for example, remembers "nights when I would drive and drive in my car, and not want to face anyone. I became irritable and

hard to live with."

Ruth King, now a doctoral student at Memorial University in St. John's, finds the experience "very, very frustrating.... It can be very depressing. I've got to push myself so hard." But Dr. Frederick Aldrich, dean of graduate studies at Memorial, says that's part of the deal. "It's a competitive system—this is where we find out if they can make it." Many students, Aldrich says, simply aren't prepared for the challenge. "In high school, you're spoon-fed; [but] in grad school, you are your own timekeeper.... Procrastination is probably the biggest enemy of the graduate student."

But, although disillusioned students across Atlantic Canada can turn to university counselling centres for courses on writing and organizational

skills or psychological help, only Halifax's Dalhousie University offers an innovative program specifically designed to help graduate students cope with academic frustrations. In late 1978, the university recruited Carleton University psychology professor Dr. Brad McRae to devise the equivalent of a Weight-Watcher's program for disciplined thesis writing. The aim is to teach basic organizational skills to otherwise bright graduate students afflicted with the thesis-writing blues. To accompany his thesis first-aid course, McRae compiled a 150-page handbook entitled *How to Write a Thesis and Keep Your Sanity*. Students learn how to cope with external pressures and, moreover, how to cope with their own inertia.

Completing his own PhD thesis in psychology several years earlier at the University of British Columbia, McRae found himself lapsing into classic avoidance techniques: Ten-minute coffee breaks extended into hours, desk-side daydreams focused on cross-country skiing. A kind of neurosis set in. When actually cross-country skiing, for example, McRae was guilt-ridden and longed to be writing copiously at

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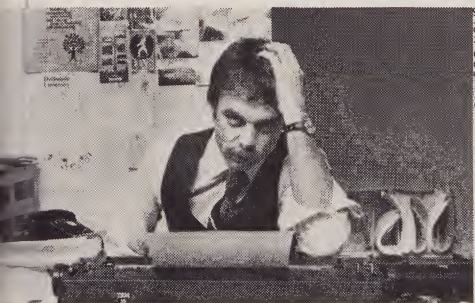
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his desk. It was a no-win situation that proved embarrassing for someone supposedly versed in the niceties of rational psychological behavior.

"I didn't like to write postcards, let alone theses," McRae admits. But soon "time was running out...I was getting very nervous." He resolved to reform his wayward study habits, starting with a new coffee thermos that kept him tied to his desk. He revamped his schedule, took up running, and put his house—and office—in order.

With three, and later six hours daily devoted exclusively to writing, the emphasis was on productive rather than perfected prose. "If you wait until you're inspired, you'll never get the bloody thing written; nine-tenths of good writing is rewriting." McRae wrapped up his thesis ahead of schedule. "It was like training for a mara-



**McRae: A thesis-writer's Weight Watcher** thon," he says, "it takes a lot of perseverance."

Today, one of McRae's major concerns is students who become embroiled in long-term projects stretching beyond four or five years. "People become mentally and physically exhausted... people crack up, commit suicide."

Nothing quite so dramatic has happened at an Atlantic Canadian university, but Dr. Malcolm Parks, assistant dean of graduate studies at Dalhousie, confirms he is aware of cases "where people did need medical attention."

Professor Roger Dial, chairman of graduate studies in political science at Dalhousie, recalls that, during his student days at Berkeley, Calif., four despairing graduate students jumped from the roof of a building on campus. Dial, who has failed two of the six thesis students he has supervised during 11 years at Dalhousie, notes that "getting started [on a thesis] becomes a kind of mental affliction. Most students don't do any serious, defined writing until graduate school."

There are also other pitfalls, according to Dr. Robert Kavanagh, dean of graduate studies at the University of New Brunswick in Fredericton. "The biggest problem of all," he says, "is coming up with the ideas—the research." John Letson, a 33-year-old geology student at Dalhousie, agrees.

"Trying to create something out of a void can be a mind-boggling experience," he says.

It took Letson six years to hammer out his master's thesis, and all the while he battled a natural tendency to procrastinate. "If you're a little bit insecure, it's difficult to begin." With a smile that betrays past weaknesses, Letson confesses, "Doing the laundry suddenly becomes very important." Having slogged away at his 270-page magnum opus since 1975, Letson's "not too sure it was worth all the pain; everyone in their graduate careers gets abysmally depressed." But now that he's survived his academic ordeal, he

plans to reap the benefits by working as a petroleum geologist in Alberta.

Letson wasn't the only survivor, however. His relationship with his fiancée also endured, despite temporary strains while Letson put in 65-70 hours a week on his thesis in its final stages. Other couples haven't been quite so lucky. Of six married couples that started out with Letson in graduate programs, only one is still together. They all earned their theses, but lost their spouses in the bargain. Says Letson, philosophically, "I've seen graduate school destroy some very bright people. It's gruelling, and it changes people." — **Martin Cohn**

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## Opinion

# Wanted: A good defence for the legal community

*Since Watergate—maybe before—lawyers have been treated as if they had the plague. But they're not all bad, folks*

By Stewart J. Lamont

**D**efending lawyers these days is a little like defending scurvy. In the post-Watergate era, it's become fashionable to criticize lawyers, either one at a time or in courtroom-sized clusters. It used to be considered a social and financial plus to be a lawyer, or at least to *have* a good one. Now it's more popular to treat the profession as if it had a collective case of the plague.

During the May, 1979, federal election, one Nova Scotian candidate, Dick Boyce in Halifax-West, ran his whole campaign, not on his party affiliation or even his own claim to merit, but on the basis of his opponent's occupation. Boyce's slogan was "Send a small businessman to Ottawa, not a lawyer." In that case the lawyer—MP Howard Crosby—won by a sizable majority. But the campaign tactic, even though it was unsuccessful, reflects a widespread attitude which should concern practising members of the bar.

No one's suggesting that all of the distrust and disgust with lawyers is ill founded. But it's one thing to admit that the legal community has contributed to its own public relations problem; it's another to suggest that lawyers should shoulder all of the blame. Many would make the legal profession the whipping boy for most of society's ills. But it wouldn't be just—or accurate.

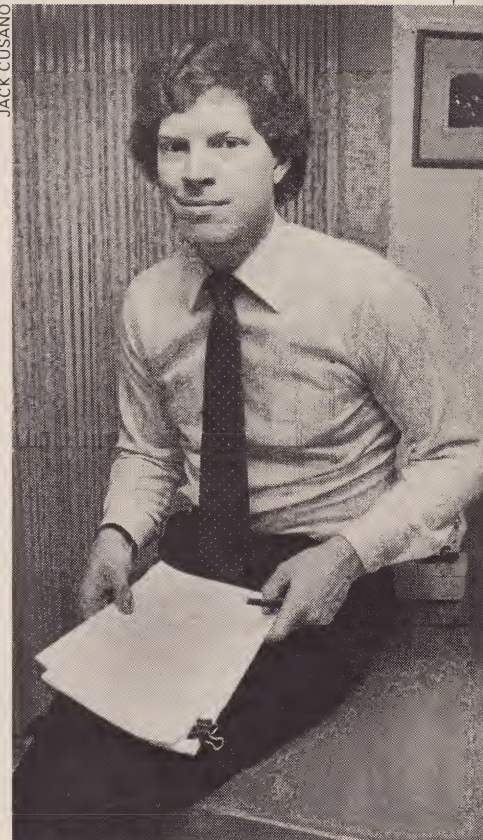
Take the problem of language, so-called "legalese." Some people think that a lawyer can and will (without much more prompting than a prepaid fee) take perfectly understandable language and translate it into mumbo-jumbo "legalese" which nobody understands, least of all lawyers themselves. This theory blames lawyers for troublesome legislation, minutely detailed contracts, convoluted deeds as well as every obtuse letter sent from a solicitor's office.

But what the critics don't realize is

that in these circumstances, the lawyer must resolve complex problems, complex relationships, or both. These don't generally lend themselves to facile solutions; if they did, the lawyer wouldn't have been approached in the first place. To achieve a satisfactory result, he must often use language and phrasing unfamiliar to the layman. A lawyer drafting a contract is performing as specialized a skill as a surgeon performing a tonsillectomy. Fortunately for the surgeon, he only needs to worry about the success of the operation—not with a critique of his technique as well.

Lawyers do tend to be ultra-conservative. But can the consumer really

JACK CUSANO



What's wrong with legalese?





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## Opinion

challenge a philosophy which asks: "Why jeopardize with four words what can be guaranteed by eight?" The plumber who places extra wrapping on pipe to protect his work from that once-in-a-lifetime cold snap is hailed as a real craftsman, a perfectionist. By comparison, the barrister who, for good measure, wraps his deed with an extra *whereas* or two is told he became a lawyer because he wasn't fit for anything else.

Contrary to popular opinion, not every lawyer has six secretaries, six directorships, and a six-figure income. If he devotes 20 years to establishing himself, the legal practitioner can usually build up a lucrative enterprise. But lawyers don't have a monopoly on financial success. Other professionals, businessmen and tradespeople manage to do very well for themselves—and quite often they do it in less time. A certified electrician will have a greater disposable income than a lawyer during the first five to 10 years of practice. The young lawyer also would willingly trade salaries with a newly recruited constable in the RCMP or city police force. And just ask an articling law student about the overtime paid for his evening research in the firm's library—and take cover!

Practising law is a challenging, demanding and rewarding occupation, freely and eagerly chosen by its participants. But the circumstance of the law graduate in the Eighties has become like that of the PhD's during the Seventies, a situation the MBA will face during the Nineties: All are highly trained professionals in rapidly shrinking markets. Only the most competent and fortunate will thrive.

Perhaps the most unfair aspect of public attitudes toward lawyers is the tendency to regard them—along with politicians—as "crooks." Richard Nixon, John Mitchell and their friends must take credit for establishing a theory which will now take generations of good behavior by lawyers to rebut.

Healthy cynicism on the part of the public about the legal community isn't necessarily a bad thing. And, as consumers become better able to evaluate legal services, more "scandals" will emerge. The real challenge to the legal profession will be to promote those within its ranks who discharge their responsibilities with conscientiousness and competence.

The defence rests.



*Stewart Lamont is a graduate of Dalhousie Law School and a former legislative assistant to a federal minister of justice.*





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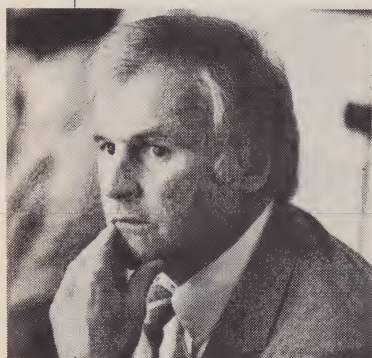
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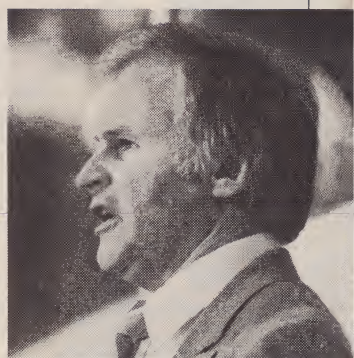
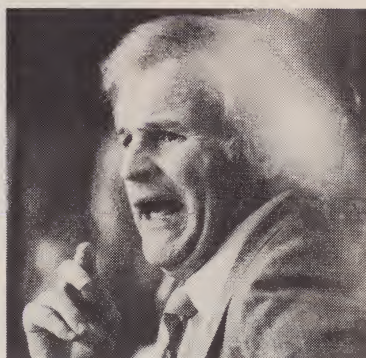
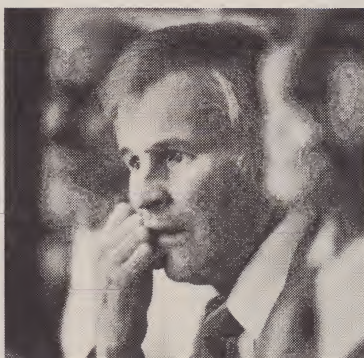


**THE BACKWOODS NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD.  
AND NEITHER HAS YOUR OWN BACKYARD.**





PHOTOS BY TOM WALKER



## This nice guy intends to finish first

*Cape Breton's Al MacNeil may seem out of place in oil-crazed Calgary, but he thinks the Stanley Cup would fit in very well*

**N**elson Skalbania, the dynamic, deal-making Vancouver millionaire who bought the National Hockey League's Atlanta Flames franchise last summer and moved it to Calgary, fits like a glove in the booming oil town where life has become a constant run in the fast lane. But his coach—the man who's supposed to mould a collection of journeymen hockey players into instant Stanley Cup champions—is definitely neither to the Skalbania nor the Calgary manner born.

He is Al MacNeil, a quiet, shy Cape Bretoner whom everyone in the city describes as "a very nice guy." MacNeil says he loves his new home—"It's a dynamic, exciting place to live and work, [and] I think it's going to be one of the great cities of North America." But he also adds quickly: "To me, there's nothing more beautiful than the Bras d'Or." The only thing about MacNeil that sparkles, in fact, is his eyes, which twinkle like the city's lights when he allows that winning the Stanley Cup this year "would be just fine."

MacNeil's Flames may still be a few players and a few years from seriously contending for hockey's most valued prize, but don't tell that to MacNeil or anyone else in Calgary. The city's 6,000-seat arena was sold out for the entire season even before the Flames packed their hockey sticks for the trip from Atlanta, and 700 other people shelled out \$400 each for standing-room season tickets. But if hockey players have become the new heroes in Calgary, no one seems to know yet what to make of a coach who claims that the most important thing "is being comfortable with the people around me."

MacNeil, 46, who grew up in Sydney when the Sydney Millionaires hockey team were the kings of Cape Breton, was 15 when the Toronto Maple Leafs invited him to join their Toronto Marlboros farm team in 1950. MacNeil was so "homesick, lonely [and] miserable," he says he might not have stuck it out except for the personal interest of coach Turk Broda. It was the first of many lessons in the finer points of coaching that MacNeil began to put to use in 1968 when he was named coach of the Houston Apollos, Montreal Canadiens' then-top farm team, after an eight-year career as an NHL player. Today, says Flames general manager Cliff Fletcher, MacNeil is "one of the best people motivators in the business." Adds P.E.I. native Bobby MacMillan, a Flames right winger, "Taking you into the corner during practice and talking to you if you're down or not playing well may be Al's greatest strength."

MacNeil's coaching credo—"I may not be the smartest man in hockey but I work the hardest"—may sound as exciting as porridge, but he's translated it into an enviable coaching record. In 1971, his first season as an NHL coach, he led the Montreal Canadiens to the Stanley Cup. In 1976, he served as assistant coach to the Team Canada team that won the Canada Cup. In between, he brought three Calder Cups to Halifax as coach of the American Hockey League's Nova Scotia Voyageurs. MacNeil had many lucrative NHL coaching offers but he stayed in Halifax with Montreal's top farm team until 1979, partly because he liked the familiar surroundings of home and partly because he admired Sam Pollock, the Canadiens' brilliant boss and

MacNeil's hockey mentor. When Pollock retired, however, MacNeil quickly came to terms with Atlanta Flames general manager Cliff Fletcher, himself a former Montreal scout and Pollock protégé. MacNeil knew he'd be comfortable working with Fletcher.

MacNeil also knew he'd be comfortable with Pierre Pagé, the young, innovative former coach of the Dalhousie University Tigers. He hired Pagé as his assistant this summer when the Flames moved to Calgary. They'd worked together at summer hockey camps in Antigonish, N.S. Their biggest challenge is imposing a defensive style of play on the sometimes undisciplined Flames. "Until that clicks," Pagé says, "we're not going to win the cup."

Winning the Stanley Cup is important to MacNeil, not simply because it will ensure that he keeps his coaching job but also because his last sip of champagne from hockey's most coveted cup was more bitter than sweet. "It was a tough scene," MacNeil admits of his one season as coach of the Montreal Canadiens. He wound up in a public row with Henri Richard over his coaching tactics and his inability to speak French, and his reward for winning the cup was demotion to the Canadiens' minor league team in Nova Scotia. "I wasn't fired," MacNeil insists. "I stayed with Sam Pollock and the Montreal organization." But he adds that "1971 was full of emotional and political turmoil in Quebec. It was just the wrong time and the wrong place for Al MacNeil."

But if the chilling political winds of separatism are blowing out west now, MacNeil isn't feeling them. Politics and sports keep their distance in Alberta. And, even if they didn't, Al MacNeil would be too busy to notice. There's a Stanley Cup waiting to be won.

— Jennifer Henderson



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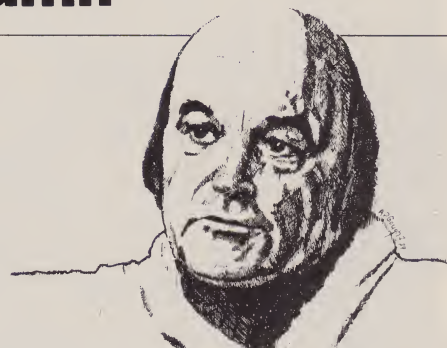




## Dalton Camp's column

# With kindest personal regards, Computer

*Modern technology may be wonderful for some, but it's sure taken the fun out of opening the mail*



**Y**ou used to be able to estimate a man's worth by the volume of his mail. These days, it would be hard to tell because almost everyone gets more mail than they know what to do with. Around our house, the mail sometimes gets so heavy we have to file it; that is, put it somewhere until we have time to open it. It could be that really important people in the world—like oil sheiks—don't get any mail at all; really important people, after all, are hard to find: They have unlisted telephone numbers, addresses, and postal codes.

Nowadays, a man's worth might better be measured by the volume of mail he gets but never sees. The prime minister of Canada, provincial prem-

iers, and even the leader of the Opposition get a ton of mail, but it would be a mistake to assume it ever gets put on their desks. People are hired to open, sort, read it, and write replies. If you have ever written a prime minister, the chances are excellent that he did not read your letter, even though you got an answer, which he did not write either, and even though he signed it, which he probably didn't. (When John Diefenbaker was prime minister, there were members of his office staff who could forge his signature perfectly.)

On more than one occasion, while travelling with political eminences, I've watched someone emerge from the crowd to initiate the following exchange:

"Did you get my letter, Mr. Premier?"

(Pause.) "Yes, indeed, I did. [Chuckle] Yes, I sure did. Good to hear from you. Did you get my reply?"

"Not yet."

"It's probably in the mail."

"Well, it's just I thought it was important."

"You're right. Very important. Well, nice to see you again and write me anytime. Always good to hear from you."

It was not ever thus. I have a letter written in the unmistakable hand of Sir John A. Macdonald, dated Nov. 7, 1872, which reads in part:

*Dear Doctor,*

*If you will call at the Niagara District Bank, St. Catharines, you will find \$2,000 placed to your credit.... At each polling place you should have an active man who understands the ropes, and who will apply the funds on the night before and the morning of voting. All which I submit to your discretion.*

The modern-day equivalents to Sir John A. just don't write letters like that anymore—one reason being they haven't the time. Another reason, simply put, is if they had to read and acknowledge all their mail, they would have no time to write their speeches. Like the rest of us, in relative terms, there's simply too much in the mail box.

Modern technology has very nearly destroyed correspondence as an effective means of communication. I would estimate that two-thirds of my incoming mail is from a computer, even though some of it may be signed by someone I know. Corresponding with a computer, or an automatic typewriter, I need not tell you, is seldom satisfying.

On the eve of the Conservative party annual meeting last February, I received a letter over the signature of a Tory luminary which read:

*Just a quick note to advise you that all preparations appear to be complete for the general meeting of our party in Ottawa in the next few days. I look forward to seeing you there.*

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you. Prove that competition's still alive.  
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## Dalton Camp

*I will be staying at the Chateau Laurier. Please do not hesitate to call me if you encounter any problems, or if I can be of assistance to you in any way.*

*Kindest personal regards.*

The signature is that of someone I see often on the streets of Fredericton whose wife is the sister of my favorite bridge partner. He would suspect that I might find my way about Ottawa at a Tory meeting without encountering any problems requiring his assistance. But of course, the letter was only sent to me; it wasn't meant for me.

Anyway, I took the trouble, which is unusual, to compose a reply:

*Dear Friend:*

*I'm glad to know you, too, are staying at the Chateau Laurier during the general meeting of your party in Ottawa in the next few days. I, too, look forward to seeing you.*

*Until then, my kindest personal regards to yourself, your good wife, and to her sister Barbara, Barbara Barbara Barbara Barbara...*

Don't misunderstand: In all that postal dross there is often the pure gold of authentic letters from real people. And who doesn't enjoy those? Especially when they begin by saying, "I read your column and couldn't agree more..."

## So you think you know the Maritimes

A lot has changed in the Maritimes during our hundreds of years of history. One of the most interesting things that's changed is place names. The following "old" names have been replaced by others. Test yourself by seeing how many of them you can identify by their modern names. (Answers below)

1. Bedeque 2. Cape Enfumé 3. Cape Fourché 4. Cobequid 5. Dorchester (N.S.) 6. Hardscrabble 7. Isle du Cap 8. Justau Corps 9. Malagash 10. New Edinburgh 11. New Jerusalem 12. Niganiche 13. Pesequid 14. Port Dauphin 15. Port Rossignol

Answers

1. Baddeck, N.S. 2. Cape Smoky, N.S. 3. Yarmouth, N.S. 4. Truro, N.S. 5. Antigonish, N.S. 6. Upper Woodstock, N.B. 7. Cape Breton 8. Port Hood, N.S. 9. Lunenburg, N.S. 10. Weymouth, N.S. 11. Shelburne, N.S. 12. Ingonish, N.S. 13. Windsor, N.S. 14. St. Ann's, N.S. 15. Liverpool, N.S.



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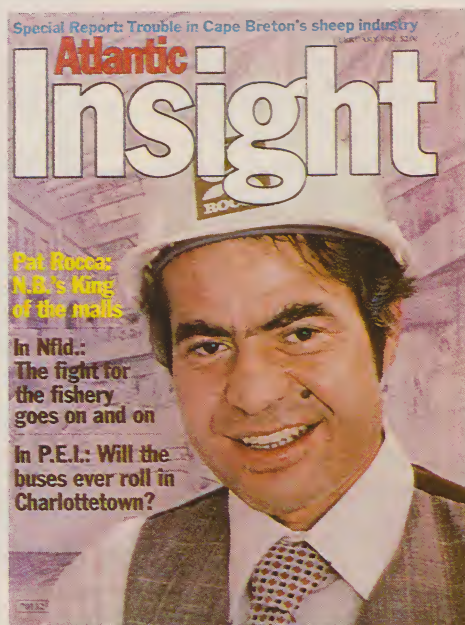
# What's in a name?

(No. 2)

Here's a game to challenge your lexicographic skill. See how many other words you can make from the two words ATLANTIC INSIGHT. No proper nouns, plurals, obsolete words, foreign words, or words with less than four letters. If you find under 100, you're not trying. Over 200, and we'd like to hear from you.

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## Media

# The newspaper frustration built

*Joe Gough thought fishermen weren't getting the information they needed from the government. So he did something about it*

One weekend each month, Joe Gough helps bundle and bag for delivery the latest edition of *The Canadian Fishing Report*, the monthly fisheries newspaper he founded 21 months ago. He's already researched and written 90% of the copy, sold the advertising, written the headlines and instructed the lay-out people. A part-time assistant looks after the books and circulation, a few others help with the mailing and there are four regular contributors, including a cartoonist, but putting out the 20-odd-page tabloid is mostly a labor of love for Gough. He does it, he says, because he believes he is providing Canadian fishermen with information they want, need and couldn't easily get before.

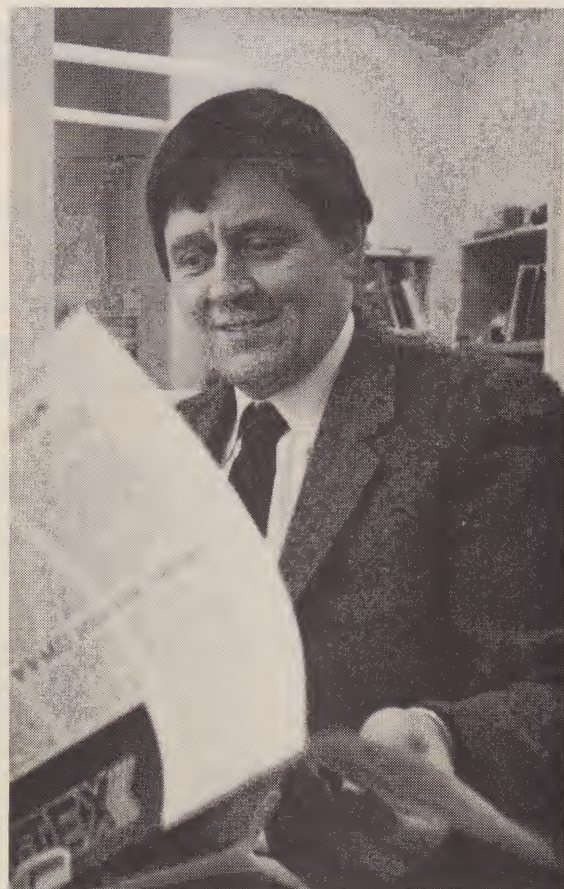
Forty-three hundred people—half of them fishermen—subscribe to the paper to find out about major news affecting the industry, be it last summer's strike by fishermen in Newfoundland, the creation of a new Gulf Region by the federal Fisheries Department, or details of the 1981 Atlantic Ground-fish Fishing Plan. The paper also covers topics like gear and new fishing technology, and provides information on the latest DREE grants to fisheries-related business.

A big man with the soft brown eyes of a St. Bernard, Gough grew up next door to the Bay of Fundy fishery. He says he started the paper out of frustration with the lack of information available to Canadian fishermen. In the early 1970s he saw the herring fishery, upon which a large part of Campobello Island depended, virtually destroyed by what he saw as federal mismanagement and got angry. "We tried to organize the fishermen to do something for the herring fishery, but you couldn't fathom out the government,"

Gough remembers. "They wouldn't pay any attention to you unless you had an organization, but even then you didn't know what was what."

He had returned to Campobello Island after becoming disillusioned with the intensity of work required to get his doctorate in Russian intellectual history at Montreal's McGill University, and after an abortive business venture with a then-active national fisheries publication. He made a living as a freelance writer, selling to whom-ever he could including comedy material to CBC radio, but the fishery was still in his blood. In 1973, he joined the federal Fisheries Department as an information officer. He was cynical, but he needed a steady job.

Once on staff, he was amazed. He



F. SCOTT GRANT

Gough: Communication was "sadly lacking"

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had not expected to be impressed by people he'd considered villains. "I could see they were beating their brains out to get the 200-mile limit. My grudge against the people disappeared, but not my idea that communication was sadly lacking with fishermen."

In the fall of 1974, Gough began writing speeches for the new Fisheries minister, Roméo LeBlanc. Although he liked working with LeBlanc, Gough was beginning to believe that improving communication between government and fishermen couldn't be done. "Government people are scared to say anything...everything they say is policy and has to be double checked and translated. It's just not their job to let you know about it, you have to dig the stuff out." Gough quit the Fisheries Department in late 1979 to try and do

just that.

He has, at least according to Dr. Art May, assistant deputy minister, Atlantic Fisheries Service. He considers Gough's paper "required reading" for anyone who wants to know what is going on in the industry. Ken Campbell, president of the Fisheries Council of Canada, which represents Canada's processing industry, agrees. He credits its thoroughness with Gough's understanding of the industry and government, his access to people within the department and industry. Allan Billard, executive director of the Eastern Fishermen's Federation, an umbrella organization based in Halifax representing about 10,000 inshore fishermen in the Maritimes and Quebec, says that as well-informed as he considers himself about the industry, he still learns new things from the paper.

Roméo LeBlanc, a former journalist himself, feels Gough has been able to bring together in one publication information previously available only from a number of sources, such as trade magazines, fishermen's organization publications and departmental mailings. "He understands departmental policy and explains it well, and he has a good professional knowledge of the fisheries which makes him ask good questions," he says.

Gough wouldn't mind cutting down on his 70- to 80-hour work week but he is confident his newspaper will succeed. "I always thought fishermen were basically smart and wanted to know things," he says. "There was a vacuum there, and logically the paper has got to succeed, because I am giving them something they didn't have before."

— Heather Jamieson



# My son, the reader.

I just found out my kid has a heart. He joined the MS READ-a-thon, the program that lets our children read their favorite books, and parents, friends — anyone, donate a few cents for every book they read.

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## Calendar

### NEW BRUNSWICK

April — Theatre New Brunswick presents "The Miracle Worker," April 1-4, Fredericton; April 6, Edmundston; April 7, Campbellton; April 8, Dalhousie; April 9, Bathurst; April 10, Chatham/Newcastle; April 11, 13 Moncton; April 14, Sussex; April 15-17, Saint John; April 18, St. Stephen

April — Children's concert: Sharon, Lois and Bram, April 11, Kennebecasis Valley High School, Saint John; April 12, The Playhouse, Fredericton

April 1 — New Brunswick Hawks vs. New Haven Nighthawks, The Coliseum, Moncton

April 1-18 — Automatist Revolution, Galerie Restigouche, Campbellton

April 1-26 — Yolande Desjardins: Batik, Galerie d'art, Université de Moncton

April 1-30 — Gertrude Ward: Watercolors and acrylics, N.B. Museum, Saint John

April 1-30 — Roger Savage: Art works, Mount Allison University, Sackville

April 1-30 — Sussex Art Club: Mixed media, N.B. Museum, Saint John

April 1-May 3 — Works by art students, Galerie d'art, Université de Moncton

April 2-27 — The Graphics of Haida artist Robert Davidson, National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

April 3 — Mime Omnibus: Seven-member mime company, Mount Allison University, Sackville

April 15-May 8 — Nancy Stevens: Halifax realist painter, Sunbury Shores Arts and Nature Centre, St. Andrews

April 27-May 16 — Rothmans' Collection of French and Quebec Contemporary Tapestries, Galerie Restigouche, Campbellton

### NOVA SCOTIA

April — Atlantic Symphony Orchestra, April 1, Wolfville; April 27, 28, Halifax

April 1 — Smithsonian Jazz Repertory Ensemble, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

April 1-11 — Glooscap Maple Syrup Festival, Southampton, Cumberland Co.

April 1-27 — Ferguson, Kennedy and Shuebrook: Three painters from the N.S. College of Art and Design,



Art Gallery of N.S., Halifax

April 1-27 — Joseph Sleep: Retrospective, Art Gallery of N.S., Halifax

April 1-30 — Tom Butterfield: Eastern Heritages, Lunenburg Art Gallery

April 2 — Mime Omnibus, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

April 3 — Nova Scotia Voyageurs vs. New Brunswick Hawks, Metro Centre, Halifax

April 13-16 — Children's concert, Sharon, Lois and Bram, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

April 16-May 3 — Theatre Dept. and Costumes Studies Exhibition, Dalhousie Art Gallery, Halifax

April 17 — Dalhousie Chorale presents Handel's "Messiah," Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

April 24, 25 — Jeanne Robinson Dance Project presents "An Evening of Contemporary Dance," Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

April 25 — The Ink Spots: Performers from the past and present, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

April 27, 28 — Atlantic Symphony Orchestra, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

April 30-May 2 — Antiques Show-sales, Halifax Shopping Centre



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April 1-19 — Weaving Traditions of Highland Bolivia, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

April 1-26 — Contemporary Canadian Sculpture from the Permanent Collection, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

April 9 — Voices of Spring, Confederation Centre

April 11 — P.E.I. Symphony Orchestra and Symphony Choir presents "Overture," Confederation Centre

April 15-May 10 — 19th Century Small Paintings and Oil Sketches, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

April 23-May 17 — Ken Danby: The Graphic Work, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

April 26 — Tintamarre Chamber Ensemble: Flute, Oboe, Piano, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

April 28-May 2 — Colonel Gray High School presents "Oklahoma," Confederation Centre

April 29-May 17 — Recent Art Acquisitions, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

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# Calendar

## NEWFOUNDLAND

April — Ryan's Fancy, April 6, Stephenville; April 12, St. John's, Arts and Culture Centre

April 1-30 — Drawings by Alfred Pellam, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

April 3-5 — Commercial Curling Bonspiel, Corner Brook

April 3-29 — West Coast Artists Crafts Exhibition, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

April 4 — Cross-country ski, Buchans

April 5 — Memorial University Festival Choir & Orchestra, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

April 6 — Annual Easter Carnival, Clarenville

April 10, 11 — I.J. Sampson School Production, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

April 10-12 — RCMP Curling Bonspiel, Corner Brook

April 23, 24 — Sharon Walsh: Dancing, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

April 24-26 — Last Chance Curling Bonspiel, Corner Brook

April 25, 26 — Eddie Eastman: Country singer, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

April 30 — Newfoundland Symphony Orchestra presents "Sinfonia '81," Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's



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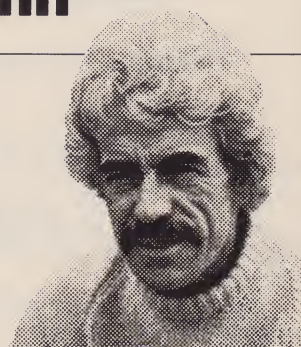
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## Book column

# Two new Canadians give us our history



*Mika Publishing is based in Ontario and run by a European couple, but they're showing Atlantic Canadians the drama of our own past*

On September 30, 1767, Sir William Campbell, governor of Nova Scotia, gazed across his dinner table at a rather raffish-looking guest. Captain William Owen had lost an eye in an election brawl, and an arm at the naval battle of Pondicherry, off the coast of India. The captain's sacrifices had induced the governor to grant him an island in the Bay of Fundy—Campobello Island, in fact. "Very good island," said the governor, over the port. "Very good indeed." Captain Owen was unfazed. "It was a very good arm," he replied.

That anecdote—and the marvelously bizarre character of Captain Owen himself—is one of the high points of Charlotte Goulay Robinson's *Pioneer Profiles of New Brunswick Settlers*, one of the most recent offerings of a remarkable little publishing house in Belleville, Ont. Mika Publishing specializes in historical works, many of them reprints of long-vanished local histories. Since east coast history is often uproarious, awesome, brutal and absurd, these austere-looking volumes are full of engaging stories.

*Pioneer Profiles* is not exactly a reprint—Robinson originally told the stories of her 20 early New Brunswickers over CBC radio in the 1940s—and its subjects are all women, chiefly Loyalists. Being derived from scripts, the book suffers a little from repetition, and its characters tend to blur into one another. For one thing, they are all terrifyingly admirable. They have story-book romances, marry splendid men, are abused by the rebel riff-raff, arrive at Saint John in the 1780s, establish homes and bear endless children in the frozen wilderness, labor staunchly beside their husbands, and die revered at extremely advanced ages.

But the book is full of little rewards, mute testimony to Robinson's research and discernment. One traveller describes early New Brunswick as "Heaven

for women, a correction for men, and Hell for horses." Recipes for jugged hare jostle with supernatural episodes and quaint ads. Thomas Mullin of the Bunch of Grapes lets it be known that he keeps "a plentiful stock of the best liquors, and a hospitable table induces him to hope for a share of the public confidence." And, less endearingly, "For sale, a Negro wench and child. The wench is about nineteen years old; has been brought up in the country; is well acquainted with a dairy and understands all kinds of housework."

Mika's catalogue also includes nine county histories from Nova Scotia, a historical atlas of New Brunswick, books on Stewiacke, Tatamagouche and Halifax, and such esoterica as an ecclesiastical history of Newfoundland. Few of these invite total immersion, but they reward diligent browsing. J.L. MacDougall's *History of Inverness County* (1922), for instance, tells us that Ewin Og MacLean composed satires on his two Broad Cove neighbors so stinging that they were ready to murder him; he placated them by composing songs in their praise, but as soon as they left, he would emit a still more wicked satire. Peace was restored only when all three men moved to different parts of Cape Breton.

M.B. DesBrisay's *History of the County of Lunenburg* (1870) tells the story of the barque *Blake*, a Lunenburg vessel wrecked by gales in March, 1856, en route from Mississippi to Ireland. The crew survived only by eating the body of a dead shipmate. Cannibalism, indeed, is a persistent minor theme in our history; Richard Brown's excellent *History of the Island of Cape Breton* (1869) quotes a 1516 report which says the aboriginal Capers "are whyte people and very rustical, for they eate flesshe and fysshe and all other thynges rawe. Sumtymes also they eate man's flesshe priuilly..." Cape Breton barbarians, even then. Sigh.

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## Book column

stylish of all these ancient histories is D.W. Prowse's monumental 800-page *History of Newfoundland* (1895), which boasts a laudatory introduction by the eminent Victorian scholar Sir Edmund Gosse. Prowse's scholarship and fairness are balanced by his vigorous writing and his sense of a story. He is loyally English, but he roasts the early English administration of his island; he thinks Sir Walter Raleigh "the grandest Englishman of action of all time" and lavishes praise on Elizabeth I, but pungently describes her successor as "the slobbering, shuffling, uncouth pedant, with his nameless vices, the first English Stuart."

Then, as now, Newfoundland's own politics were lusty. In 1838, one legislator pummelled another in the street; the wounded member, John Kent, appealed to the house and had his opponent, Dr. Keilly, arrested. Keilly appealed to Supreme Court Judge George Lilly, who released him. The Speaker then ordered the arrest not only of Keilly, but also of the high sheriff who had unlocked him, and of Lilly himself. The judge was dragged through the streets and jailed before the governor ended the antics by dissolving the house.

Helma and Nick Mika, operators of Mika Publishing, are post-war immigrants from Germany and the Ukraine, respectively. Perhaps they see the drama of our history more clearly than those of us who were born into it. Their adopted country—particularly its Atlantic coast—owes their little press a large debt. ☒

## Up coming in Atlantic Insight

**Thomas Raddall: He has no regrets about not writing anymore, but we do. A profile of one of our great storytellers**

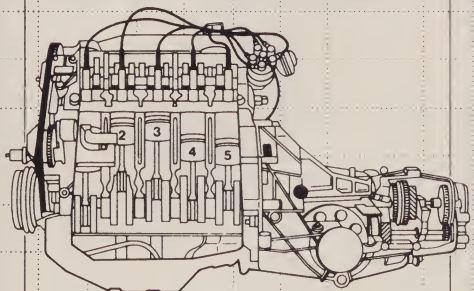
**Jackie Vautour: The determined New Brunswicker who won't give up his land**



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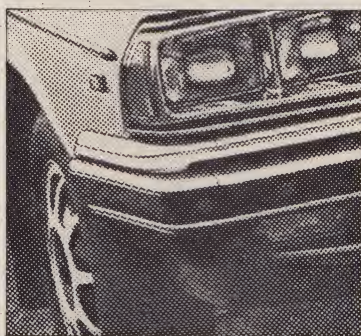
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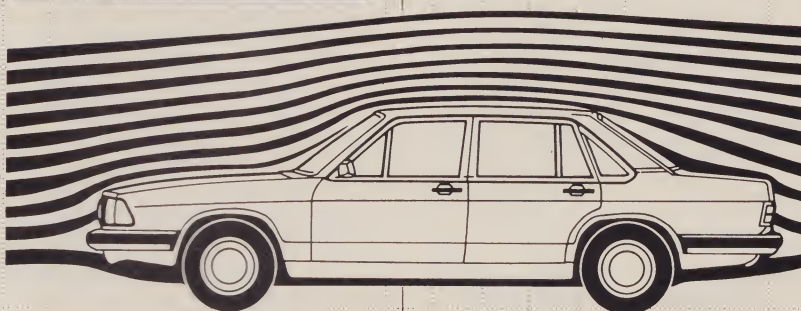
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## The sweet-and sour-revenge of Richard Rush

*None of the major studios wanted to touch The Stunt Man, his movie about the craziness of movie-making. When Rush finished the project, they told him it was "unreleasable." He's having the last laugh now, but it almost killed him*

By Martin Knelman

**T**he subject of *The Stunt Man*—the Cinderella movie of 1980, is paranoia in the movie business. Richard Rush, the movie director, is an expert on the subject. He's devoted his life to getting this film on the screen since 1971 and he could be pardoned for harboring delusions that the world has been conspiring against him.

*The Stunt Man* is the story of a handsome young fugitive, played by Steve Railsback, who has returned from Vietnam and committed some civilian crime of violence. He stumbles onto the set of a troubled film production near the beach at San Diego. The film's stunt man has just been killed and the director of the movie-within-the-movie, a charming lunatic named

Eli Cross, played by a charming lunatic named Peter O'Toole, is trying to hide this from the police. The young fugitive becomes the new stunt man, falls in love with the leading lady and enters the sinister world of Hollywood production, which makes his previous experiences on the street and the battle-front look like something from a child's birthday party. This is just the sort of action comedy with all the juices flowing that audiences have been craving, so naturally the movie establishment would be hot to grab it, right? Wrong.

In 1970, Columbia Pictures bought the screen rights to *The Stunt Man* for \$300,000. Rush and a screenwriter spent nine months working on a script. But then Columbia decided not to make the movie and sold the rights to Rush for \$315,000.

For the next four years Rush tried to sell the project to every major movie company. Again and again, he was told *The Stunt Man* was too specialized for a mass audience and too expensive for a low-budget film.

In 1975, Rush took time out to accept the job of directing *Freebie and the Bean*, a desperately frantic chase comedy with Alan Arkin and James Caan. The picture was a huge commercial success, but that didn't help Rush break down Hollywood's resistance to the movie he still dreamed of making. By this time he felt sure that the only actor who could play the role of Eli Cross was Peter O'Toole. Rush did manage to get a commitment from O'Toole but at that time O'Toole had been in a number of flops and his name was considered the kiss of death.

Finally, in 1975, he met Melvin Simon, a supermarket czar getting involved in movie production, who gave Rush the go-ahead and a \$7-million budget. In December, 1977, shooting began at the Del Coronado Hotel in San Diego. A few months later the movie was in the can.

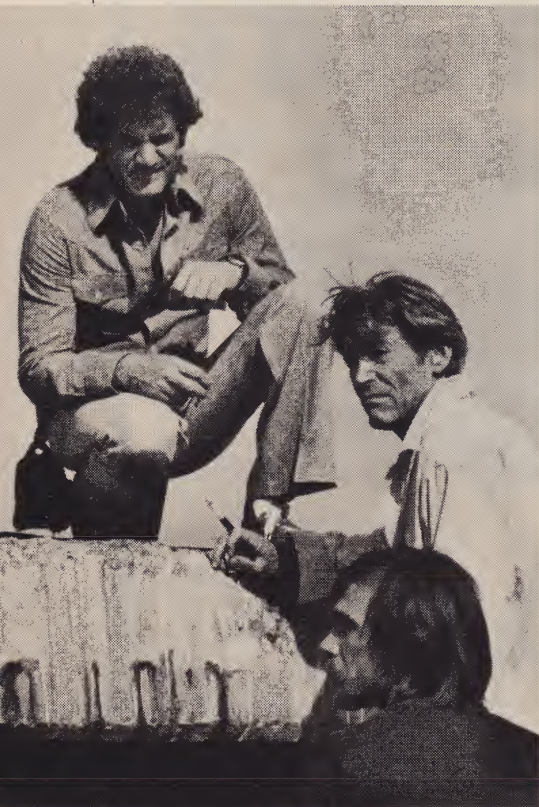
But Rush's problems were only beginning. By early 1979, the editing was finished and the movie was ready for

release. But none of the major companies wanted to distribute it. Melvin Simon Productions arranged a special run in Seattle, where *The Stunt Man* immediately became a surprise hit. The studio bosses said it was a fluke, that Seattle was a "non-market." In August, 1980, *The Stunt Man* opened in the Westwood area of Los Angeles, got rave reviews and became a hit. In September, it went to the World Film Festival in Montreal and shared the top prize. At this point, 20th-Century Fox finally agreed to pick it up. "*The Stunt Man*," wrote Pauline Kael in *The New Yorker*, "is a virtuoso piece of movie-making: A sustained feat of giddiness that is at the same time intense. There's a furious aliveness in this picture."

But *The Stunt Man* almost killed Richard Rush. A robust six-footer who had been healthy throughout his 48 years, Rush suddenly had a heart attack when the company that had given him the money to make *The Stunt Man* looked at the results and told him audiences wouldn't pay money to see it. When the movie finally opened in New York two years later, with a pathetic ad campaign, audiences did stay away. But now, on the strength of the honors that keep coming to the film, including three Oscar nominations, Rush is having his revenge at the box office.

Rush has been honored too. In late January, his peers in the Directors' Guild of America nominated him for "outstanding directorial achievement." Then in mid-February, Rush was nominated for an Academy Award.

At his Bel-Air home recently, Rush described to an interviewer the philosophy that has earned him a spot in this rarified company: "If you've got something to say in a movie, you'd better slip it in while they're all laughing or crying or jerking off at the sex and violence." Rush says he is now way beyond interest in the financial bail-out on the picture. "I'm interested in the glory," he says, "the vindication really—not just for me, but for all those who worked with me and should know they helped make a hit and not a film that's unreleasable." ☒



Rush directs O'Toole, Railsback





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## Ray Guy's column

# Dull, dull, dull

*The rest of the country may find Brian Peckford fascinating, but Newfoundlanders are used to politicians who are, well, entertaining*

Others may marvel at his windmill arms and pinwheel eyes but to Newfoundlanders, young Alfie Peckford is a grey little Jenny Wren...introverted, dull, self-conscious and painfully modest. His little light gutters wanly in the afterglow of Smallwoodian pyrotechnics and the pillage and loot bonfires of Privateer Moores. Most of us have lived under only three premiers. The first two seared our retinas and we see Mr. Peckford through a glass, darkly and on the rocks.

We grow wistful for the shows of yesteryear...the flamboyant swash and buckle of Mr. Moores and the flaring megalomania of Mr. Smallwood. Their styles were different but the end results were the same. Newfoundlanders believe that the prime and possibly the only function of politicians is to entertain. It's only now that the Americans, for instance, have got around to electing a professional entertainer but we've had old troupers for years.

Mr. Moores was adored more for his private spectacles than public spectacles. The Come By Chance refinery opening was really a leftover from the Smallwood era. The QE 2 steamed up Placentia Bay laden with Lauren Bacall, the juniors William F. Buckley and Winston Churchill, Jewish bankers and Arab investors and John Shaheen, and during the shore party, the local peasantry ran amok in an orgy of delight, trampling lobster pyramids and spitted oxen into the mud.

More to the Moores style was the constant bleat in the House of Assembly by Hon. Gent. Steve Neary (an old perennial skinfur of shopworn sanctimony) about such things as rip-roaring parties aboard the government-run tuna boat which, he said, caused broody hens on the overlooking cliff-tops of Bell Island to desert their clutches and respectable pregnant ladies to give birth, prematurely, to PCs.

Poor Peckford. He's pap to caviar and larks' tongues. One of Mr. Smallwood's first acts in office was to declare that grass would grow on Water Street and that the Southside Hills above St. John's would be "white with sheep." A prodigious ram was located somewhere in the old country and sent here by air

freight. Mr. Smallwood went to the airport in person to meet the woolly gentleman and transported it to its new home in the back seat of his Lincoln Continental. To husband the animal a shepherd was brought in from Scotland. He sat on the rocks in the New World mists reading Homer in the original Greek. Meanwhile the father of all our mutton wandered off in the fog, fell down a well and became the subject of a tragic ballad.

In the next 23 years, Mr. Smallwood never failed to amuse. Even as the populace gasped in admiration at the awesome collapse of one "Great New Industry" (the official title of any Smallwoodian scheme) another was uprighted in its place. In the early half of his career, our great helmsman would light out for Europe with a couple of his lieutenants and return in a month or six weeks with the most astonishing grab bag of projects. My own favorite is the tannery established at Carbonear by some German persons who proposed to import gazelle skins from South Africa for the manufacture of ballet slippers...not to be confused with a new rubber plant in nearby Holyrood which was to supply boots to the Canadian Army.

Richard Gwyn in his *Smallwood: The Unlikely Revolutionary* tells us that on one of these tours the Smallwood party was entertained at the opera and at a banquet on the terrace of a schloss in Bavaria where an orchestra concealed in the shrubberies played "The Ode to Newfoundland" as a fireworks display lit up the Alps.

In later years, Mr. Smallwood's scope was greatly magnified but the style remained the same. By the summer of 1967 there were crowd-pleasers like the party for 450 airlifted guests in the middle of Labrador where young Churchill again, a Rothschild and Donald Gordon among others, watched Joey ply his silver sod-turning spade or set off terrific dynamite blasts...the latter to start a dam creating a lake "to be named, I am told, Mr. Speaker, 'Smallwood Lake,' a lake seven times larger than the Sea of Galilee!"

And so it went, spectacle after spectacle until after 23 years we became



jaded. Short of sacrificing 1,000 virgins on Signal Hill to mark Newfoundland's first moon shot there was no way he could top his last act. A perfidious public then turned sharply to the only other ripping good show possible.

Mr. Moores promised it with gusto...a thorough and lip-smacking probe into the marvellous skulduggery, corruption, patronage and graft of the 23 Smallwood years. The voters went for it like shots. There was much hand-rubbing glee and anticipation. Premier Moores, as he now was, held out great expectations and kept the public bright eyed and bushy tailed for several years with visions of tumbrils and gibbets and *autos-da-fé*. But then, in one of the most mysterious actions in Newfoundland history, Premier Moores suddenly cancelled the witch hunt. He'd just peeked under a corner of the carpet, he said, and if he'd known then what he knew now the great investigations would never have been started. Better to forget the whole sorry mess.

Newfoundlanders were stunned. They'd bought their tickets and their popcorn and now the greatest show of all was called off. The mystery of it all evaporated when someone took off his boots and stockings and tallied up the number of Smallwood cabinet ministers who'd turned coat in time and were now Moores cabinet ministers.

After this great letdown it is all the more amazing that Mr. Moores was able to charm the restless masses by turning his own "lifestyle" into a sort of public entertainment and titillation. He did so until he retired of his own free will, saying he was chucking the job to make himself a bit of money for a change, no bones about it.

Comes then young Alfie Brian Peckford. No sheep or shepherds from Scotland. No promised inquisitions. What he did was redecorate the premier's residence at a cost of \$150,000...the largest single order, sniff the St. John's upper classes, that Woolco ever got. Groans and hisses. Dull, dull, dull. And a universal sigh for what might have been—the style of a Smallwood or a Moores connected to Hibernia and by now, by God, we would have had the North Atlantic in glorious flames. ☒



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